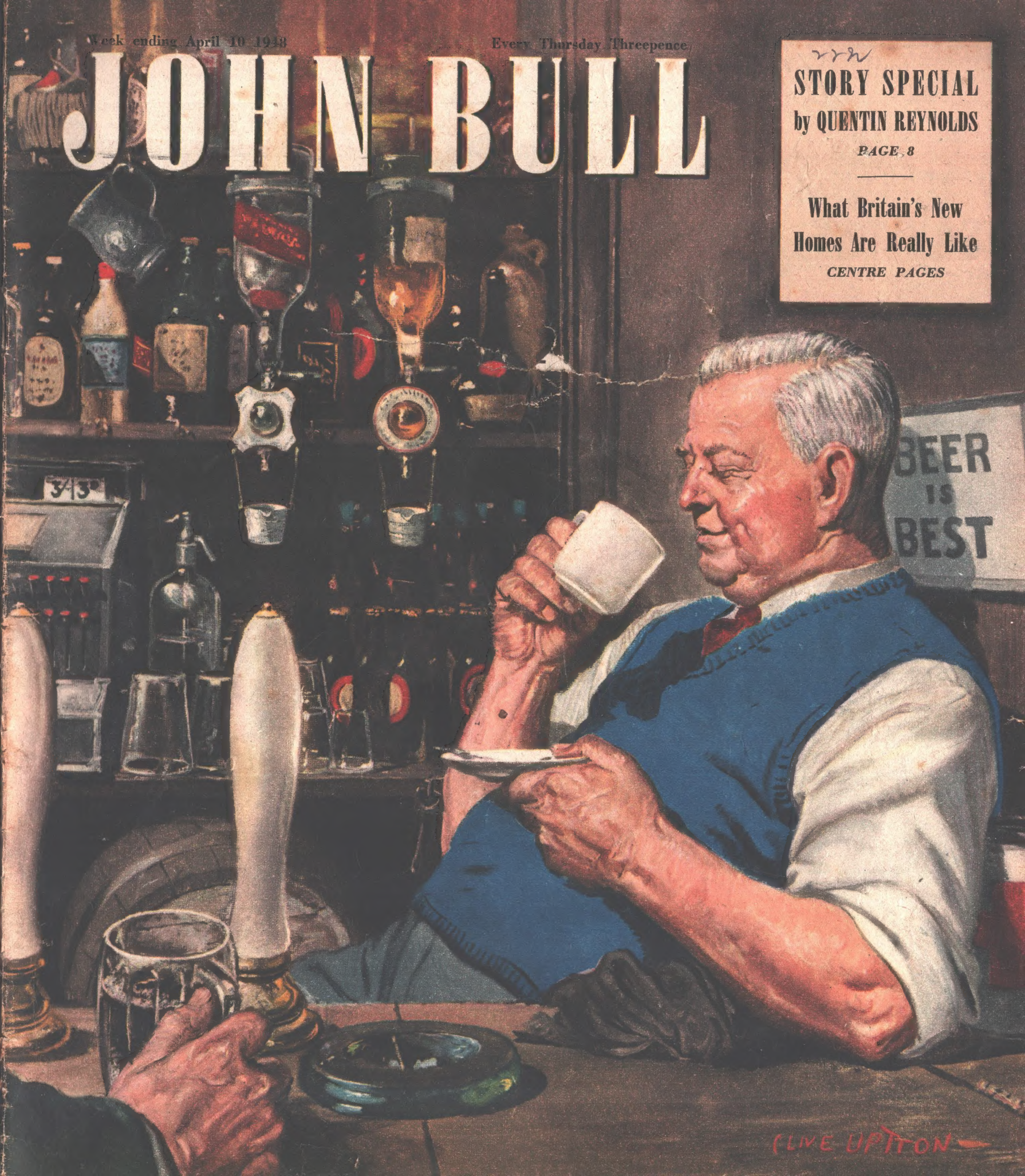
Week ending April 10 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

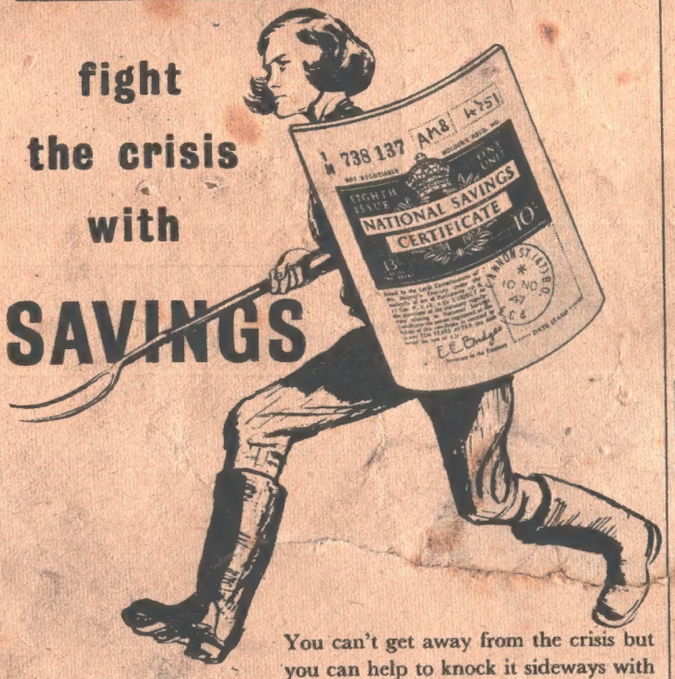
JOHN BULL

STORY SPECIAL
by QUENTIN REYNOLDS
PAGE 8

What Britain's New Homes Are Really Like
CENTRE PAGES



fight the crisis with SAVINGS



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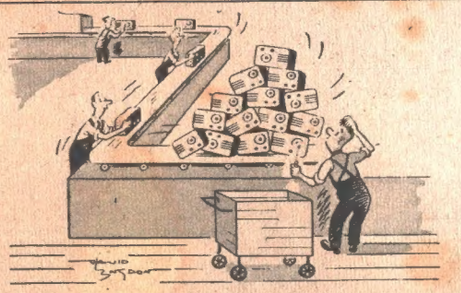

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It's magical—
Vim, the top-speed cleaner with the velvet touch—the speediest password to easy, grease-free cleaning!
NO SOONER VIM THAN DONE!

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Look what happens—when you end DRY SCALP!

On the left, this man's got Dry Scalp. His hair is untidy, won't stay in place. And it's dry and lifeless and has no gloss on it. Loose dandruff shows at the parting and on his coat collar. There's no Dry Scalp on the right, thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. His hair is healthy, glossy, and dandruff has gone. Just massage gently with this Tonic Dressing every morning, but please use it sparingly as supplies are still short.

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The Dressing that ends Dry Scalp

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APRIL 10, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2180

The Great Land Grab

WE DON'T LIKE THE WAY the War Office is behaving, even though we sympathize with its difficulties and understand the necessity for training a modern army.

Consider the recent history of the department's quest for land where manoeuvres with modern weapons can safely be carried out.

Half Dartmoor has been annexed, and from most of this the public will be shut out for ever. Yet not only is Dartmoor a traditional holiday playground of the British people, but it is the heart of one of our long-promised national parks.

We therefore ask the Government: "Has the national parks scheme been abandoned?"

In Norfolk a great area of fertile land, including several villages, remains largely derelict in War Office possession. A public inquiry has been held, but another seed-time has been lost and hundreds are still homeless.

We therefore ask the Government: "Do you really believe we can afford, in 1948, to put war exercises before food production?"

Imber, a Wiltshire village from which 200 people were exiled during the war, is to remain a training battlefield. The War Office, with a stroke of the pen, has deprived 200 British citizens of their homes and farms. True, these are Government property. But there are human rights as well as property rights.

We therefore ask the Government: "Are you satisfied that the Army's use of Imber will really make up for the shattered lives of 200 civilians and the broken promises made to them?"

The recent White Paper on the Services' land requirements, dictated by the War Office, has been accepted far too limply by Lewis Silkin, Minister of Town and Country Planning, by Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, and by the Prime Minister himself.

Tell War Minister Shinwell to think again, Mr. Attlee!

Save Water—Now!

HERE IS A PREDICTION: "This summer there will be a water shortage, and a terrific hullabaloo about it, during which councils will blame the public for using too much water, and the public will blame the councils for not supplying enough."

Will these hardships and annoyances be really necessary? The answer is No.

Last summer was very rainless and the reservoirs everywhere shrank because the streams and skies which feed them were dry.

By the autumn there was serious alarm, especially in the big industrial cities of the north, where factories as well as homes use vast quantities of water. Plans to ration water drastically, probably by cutting it off for many hours daily, were only shelved because rain fell in the nick of time. Another week's drought and the health and convenience of millions would have suffered.

That dangerous situation arose because the weather had aggravated the effects of human failure. The means of supplying water to the big towns had not been kept in line with their consumption, which had risen steadily for several years. Perhaps that was nobody's fault, because the war held up big schemes for new reservoirs and pipelines.

But something should have been done to educate the public in economizing in water in time to mitigate the shortage. In fact, nothing at all was done until the drought reached a critical point.

Are we going to learn from this experience?

The mild and sunny winter and the dry spring we have so far enjoyed did not fully replenish Nature's water stores.

A wet spell now will help; but it will not take very much more dry weather to cause not only water shortage, but water famine.

Therefore a "Save Water" campaign, both national and local, should start *now*.

The Night Watchman

SPARE A MOMENT'S CONCERN for the old man with the dangerous job—the night watchman. He may be murdered any night in the course of his duty.

At one time the mere presence of a human being on business premises at night was enough to keep robbers at a distance. But the present wave of violent crime has changed all that. There are far too many ruthless criminals who do not hesitate to attack and even to kill a watchman attempting to defend his charge against their raids.

It should no longer be taken for granted that the job of watchman is a safe, pensioned sinecure for old men and cripples.

Too many crimes prove the contrary, and the humble night watchman, in 1948, often finds himself in the front line of the battle against violent crime.

If we cannot spare young, fit men for the job, the old men should be given allies in the form of dogs and better alarm equipment, or be assured of help within quick calling distance.

Home Secretary Chuter Ede is the Minister who should insist that night watchmen are given a chance of doing their jobs without risking their lives.

Communism Or—?

NOWADAYS PEOPLE SOON GET USED to changes. What was once a nine days' wonder has to be sensational to last nine hours.

So it is with the Government's decision to ban Communists from jobs touching the security of the State. Only three weeks old, it is now generally accepted and almost forgotten.

The worst misgivings about it have been allayed by the Prime Minister's offer of safeguards for individual civil servants. Such great bodies of opinion as the Co-operative Movement have publicly endorsed his action.

Yet it was the same Co-op conference which also denounced the Government's policy in Greece. That vote was surely a sign that the Communist menace is still not clearly understood in this country.

For—let it be stated frankly—our policy in Greece has been directed entirely, from first to last, to keeping the Soviets out. It has sprung from precisely the same motive and the same set of circumstances which dictated the Whitehall Communist ban. If you approve one, then you should logically approve the other.

Meanwhile, the next big news in the Cold War may be expected from Italy, where the elections will decide in a few days whether or not she goes Communist.

That vote, because of Italy's geographical position, is going to have decisive effects on all our lives. It will tip the balance, one way or the other, towards a Communist future or a free, democratic one.

Time marches on!

We've all a job to do, a part to play
To turn our economic night to day.
That's why I ask just now
"Your patience, please.
My own part takes me mainly overseas."

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

Manikin Moments . .

Soothe away the austerities of the day with the Mild Havana Flavour of these grand little cigars.

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GIBBS HAPPY FAMILIES. **Wanted . . . by the Law!**

1 MR. LAW THE LAWYER is looking for a case—his red case of Gibbs solid dentifrice which cleans teeth so well, tastes so grand!

2 DEFENDING HERSELF, Mrs. Law the Lawyer's wife says she bought a different coloured case of Gibbs for each one of the family.

3 CHIEF WITNESS is Miss Law the Lawyer's daughter. She declares "Dad *can't* have used his up yet, Gibbs lasts for ages."

4 VERDICT . . . new Gibbs cases are too big to be mislaid for long! Master Law says "This is one case Dad couldn't lose!" Costs: 10d. each.

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Exquisite!

Exquisite, because they are so pure so delicate in flavour, so carefully made, so attractively wrapped. Three intriguing varieties:
MAYFAIR "Première"
VANITY FAIR "Super Six"
VANITY FAIR "Fanfare"

Mayfair TOFFEES AND CHOCOLATES

ASK FOR MAYFAIR AND VANITY FAIR ASSORTMENTS

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2

"Now, it's all right, Mummy, don't worry. Teacher bathed it and put some *Dettol Ointment on: she said it's wonderful stuff, and she was a nurse in the war, you know."

*'DETTOL' OINTMENT *is strongly recommended for the prevention and treatment of septic conditions of the skin which require a soothing, antiseptic cream to promote healing.*

Smart to her fingertips . . .

L'Onglex Liquid

NAIL POLISH

L'Onglex gives you smart, lustrous nails in two minutes. It stays gay and bright through days of work and wear!

In six smart shades . . .

From tenant to owner . . .

Why not see your landlord about buying the house you are renting? Prices to "sitting tenants" are often very favourable. Our leaflet, "From Tenant to Owner", shows how you may purchase a house for as little as 10/8d. per month for each £100 advanced. A house very often costs little more to buy than to rent . . .

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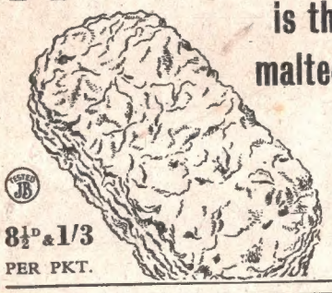

Everybody likes Weetabix for every meal of the day. When milk is short, Weetabix is just as delicious with fruit, jam, margarine or a savoury. It's a meal in a moment—in itself.

8½D & 1/3 PER PKT.

See what I've got!

Orchids? It's rare and precious Nescafé she's pleased about. Nescafé gives you a grand cup of coffee in an instant. Just put a spoonful in the cup, then add near-boiling water; no grounds, no bother. And it's always good, for that roaster-fresh aroma is sealed in until you add water.

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

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The Girl with the Lovely Smile . . .

Men like her because she radiates sunshine on the darkest day. Her teeth owe their loveliness to Odol, the toothpaste with the 'Balanced 8,' that wonderful formula of eight vital ingredients scientifically blended to whiten without scratching, to preserve teeth and gums and to leave the mouth healthy and refreshed. You must have a perfectly balanced toothpaste for complete mouth happiness.

You, too, can have **The Odol Smile!**

. . . . WITH ENJOYMENT WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE

Batger's *SilmOs Lollies*

FRUIT DROPS AT THEIR BEST

Libby's HOMOGENISED FOODS

. . . SO NOURISHING
. . . SO EASILY DIGESTED
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Even if Baby is only a few months old, Libby's Homogenized Foods can be easily digested. Simply straining foods for babies was not good enough for Libby's—they are both strained *and* HOMOGENIZED. This patented process reduces the tough fibres to a non-irritating form and releases the vital food elements for quick assimilation. These foods are also excellent for adults requiring special diets. Your Chemist or Health Food store will supply you.

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In the Red-topped packets—Price 7½d. for 10 powders

NO SECRETS! The FORMULA (specially suitable for cats' needs) is printed on the packet

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SHEFFIELD · 2

the LONG *and the* SHORT *of it*

The tufted end of the SPA LONG-head gets at the back teeth (always the most difficult to clean), and sends you to bed with a clean mouth. In the morning the SPA SHORT-head brushes away the film that has formed on your teeth overnight.

Spa (regd) Nylon or Bristle

MADE BY John Freeman & Co. Ltd. Spa Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

48/1

The Wyons (they're off to India), Peter Lillingston (off to Nigeria) and Bill Newell (off to Szechwan)—*John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp*

'Mr. Lillingston, I presume'

When Livingstone opened up "Darkest Africa" with Bible and hearsay maps, he didn't foresee schemes like the Ground Nuts plan. Today a new type of missionary carries the "message" to far areas

by HARRY HOPKINS

JOSTLED BY NEWSPAPER OFFICES, a shabby white building almost fills one side of Fleet Street's Salisbury Square. To missionaries all over the world, this is "the House."

And right now they're pretty busy down at "the House." From the dispatch department on the second floor letters and parcels pour out in a steady stream to strange, lonely parishes in the depths of the African rain forests, in the vast hinterland of China, among the rockbound wastes of the North-West Frontier.

For, though at home the pews may be empty, the funds of Britain's fifty-odd missionary societies go on rising. The Bible may be a forgotten book among us, but every year 10,000,000 copies, translated into 769 languages, go forth from this island to the "furthermost corners of the earth"—together with £3,500,000 and hundreds of earnest young men, dispensing many brands of Christian conviction.

And every week on to the desk of the Rev. Geoffrey Rogers, candidates' secretary at "the House," shower letters from men and women of all ages and conditions who have heard again the "Call" that came to David Livingstone.

A forty-five year old Bristol toolmaker sells up, leaves his children, becomes a handyman in a Nigerian leper colony; a journalist discovers in the Army that his African signalmen have "something that I hadn't got," offers his services; a public school master decides it's time he practised what he'd been preaching.

In remote Tristan da Cunha (the "pigeon" of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospels), where the steamer calls once a year, a mission post falls vacant, and the applications come in by every post. . . .

But though twelve are called, only one, as far as the Church Missionary Society is concerned, is chosen. Physical and psychological tests are exacting. A man with a faulty heart—or temper—is a liability in the tropics or on the top of a Persian mountain. Cunningly devised highly personal questionnaires grill the candidate and his sponsors. Today's missionaries are specialists, and whether he's a doctor, teacher, agriculturalist or parson the aspirant must have the proper qualifications. Finally he must prove himself not only a convinced, but what Inquisitor Rogers calls an *infectious*, Christian.

From Greenland to India

And those who come through? Just what sort of a young man is it who in the year-of-so-little-grace 1948 feels driven to go forth from this precarious civilization carrying not an Atom Bomb but a Message.

Let's push open the door of a big, pleasant house in Blackheath's leafy Liskeard Gardens, and have a look. No. 27 is a missionary training school. Its Old Boys are scattered all over the world—"from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," in fact.

A fresh-faced young fellow in his early twenties comes out from Principal Young's eleven o'clock lecture. Meet Peter Lillingston, ex-R.A.F. Sunderland pilot. "I suppose you'll be checking up on spivs?" he greets us. In a few weeks' time Lillingston will be getting his inoculations and packing his kit and going off to help run a rural training centre at Assaba in Nigeria. Maybe he'll take an occasional daily service and preach in the villages, but his main job will be teaching Africans brought in from the bush the latest scientific methods of cultivation he learned at Cambridge.

What, I wondered, had made this very normal young man into a missionary? "Well," he said, "I suppose what I'd heard about David Livingstone and all that sort of stuck in my head. Then, at Cambridge I had a good friend who pushed me along on the lines of becoming a Christian. Two or three years in the R.A.F. showed me what a world run without Christianity was like. I saw that the only positive solution was the Christian solution. That all the others were useless."

Hopping down to Gambia in his Sunderland flying-boat, Lillingston got into the habit of chatting with West Africans. He got to know them pretty well.

Talking to them, he learned that Africa

was still very much the *Dark* Continent. And he knew that he had found his postwar job. His parents—his father's a Regular Army officer—were puzzled, but he had never a doubt. He took a degree in agriculture, offered his services to the C.M.S. and now here he was doing a short course in Bible study and comparative theology and the psychology of sex, learning the routine of missionary life, going, in the vacation, to Livingstone College, Leyton, to study tropical hygiene; going, too, to the School of Oriental Languages to swot "Ig-bo" ("the 'implosive b'," he explains), while his pal, young Dr. Wyon, does Hindi and Bill Newell Mandarin.

John Wyon comes from Leeds. He took his M.R.C.P. at Oxford in 1942. He's a tall chap in corduroy trousers, with friendly, humorous eyes and mouth. Nothing of the conventional missionary about him. His talk is refreshingly free from religious jargon.

"It's just a natural thing for a Christian to feel he wants to spread the Gospel," he says. He'd felt that way at eighteen, thought vaguely then of a missionary life abroad. But it was his war experiences that clinched it. A medical officer in the Friends Ambulance Unit, he worked in Ethiopia and later saw the horror of famine in India.

Off to an Indian Village

And so, in a week or two's time, Dr. Wyon and his wife are off to set up house in a small Indian village in the United Provinces. It's a man-size job he is taking on, making India a healthy sub-continent.

"Preventive medicine's the great hope," he says. "But first we have to find out how it can be applied. We shall live there in the village and do a survey and train assistants. My wife's a teacher but she'll have other important things to do as well. She'll help me to get to know the people, sewing parties and all that—I understand they're a big thing out there."

The war, pitchforking men into many strange experiences and settings, made a missionary of John Wyon, and Peter Lillingston, and of Bill Newell, too.

Newell is a young New Zealander. Serving the R.A.F. meteorological branch in the Pacific gave him an interest in anthropology and brought him into touch with the work of missionaries. He put the two together and now, in a week or so, he's going out as a lecturer in anthropology to the West China Union University of Cheng-tu in remote Szechwan.

An anthropologist . . . a doctor . . . an agriculturalist. . . . The missionaries of yesterday mapped new continents; tomorrow's missionaries will extend the frontiers of the mind. But in this quiet suburban street, the past and future of missionary endeavour join hands. No 25, next door to the school, is the C.M.S. home for retired missionaries, where, returning after years of exile to find all the old ties snapped, they may still find some vestige of warmth and companionship.

Miss Brighty went out to Persia as a girl of twenty-three. Railways and cars were almost unknown. She travelled thousands of miles over rough mountain trails, perched on blankets on the back of a donkey. The hospital she and her colleagues opened in an old caravanserai was one of the first in Persia.

But ask Miss Brighty just what the missions did for Persia, and she won't talk of the lives saved. She'll tell you: "We brought the Gospel, and that means we brought liberty and happiness and joy." And there's the link between the missionary path-finders of the past and these "scientific" missionaries of tomorrow.

The authenticity of the missionary call is beyond dispute. But its results are not. By what right, one may ask, do these confident young men presume to tear, bulldozer-like, into the lives of others, lived thousands of miles away, in vastly different circumstances, by vastly different lights?

Many scathing indictments of missionary activity have been put on paper. The missionaries were iconoclasts; they cheerfully tore down long-cherished cultures without any real prospect of effectively replacing them. They found a "noble savage" and left a hypocritical degenerate. They made sex abnormal and sinister. "Anyone in the police department in the English colonies," says Geoffrey Gorer, "will tell you that the aggressors in the fairly numerous cases of rape are inevitably prominent churchgoers."

The truth, of course, is that the record is neither as black nor as white as the protagonists on both sides would have us believe. The "shirtism" of the early missionaries, so concerned to cover the nakedness of the heathen, weakened native resistance to T.B.; but missionary sandals saved them from hookworm, and missionary hospitals cured their diseases—including those the missionaries introduced.

They Softened Impact of West

One has to remember, too, that it wasn't only the missionaries who took the dynamite of Western civilization to the primitive peoples; often they protected them from its worst blasts. Significantly, Livingstone made war on the slavers who got there before him, and in the South Seas the mission pioneers fought a bitter campaign against the "blackbirders" who shipped the trusting islanders off to the plantations of Fiji and Latin America.

Beneath all the sound and fury of argument, the accomplished fact: that the educational and medical systems of vast backward areas are today largely dependent on the work of the missionary societies which, like Great Powers, parcel out the world between them. For many thousands of Africans, mission schools offer the only window on the world beyond. Inevitably, Africa's leaders are going to be mission-taught young men.

Look at the headlines. Consider the Groundnuts Plan—the opening up of a new country in the tsetse-fly ridden bush, the training of thousands of Africans in the mastery of the machine, a blueprint of the Africa-to-come. The educational programme, involving thirty languages, occupies a key place. Among the educationalists directing it are many missionaries.

A missionary, David Livingstone, put Africa on the map and won the plaudits of the world. Later, losing glamour, missionaries became figures of fun.

But once again Africa, Livingstone's Africa, is the Land of Promise. As, inevitably, the world of films and tractors and sixpenny stores breaks through the old isolations, something must be done to save the backward peoples from the spiritual vacuum that follows the destruction of the old cultures.

That is the sort of job that Peter Lillingston and John Wyon and Bill Newell saw and understood and shouldered in their very practical modern way. Upon the skill with which they do it may depend our success or failure in achieving a new relationship of trust and partnership between the advanced and backward peoples of the earth.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Stepping-stones

MOST people are too prone to think of themselves as helpless creatures of circumstances. They not only expect rebuffs, but regard them as an inevitable part of a normal existence.

Now I don't pretend that anyone can go through life without innumerable difficulties having to be met and overcome.

But the important point is this : it is not what circumstances do to a man that matters ; it is what a man does to circumstances. An obstacle on the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone on the pathway of the strong.

Nothing can really harm us except ourselves. To believe otherwise is to admit defeat before you start.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

A LAW THAT

Strong comment by appeal judge followed £25,000 damages award to Princess Irina Alexandrowna, niece of ex-Tsar of Russia. She claimed *Rasputin* film libelled her

Thomas J. Ley, since sentenced for chalk pit murder, got £5,000 in 1934 libel action. Outside Britain, damages are awarded in terms of hundreds of pounds, not thousands

PILLORIES THE PRESS

We pride ourselves on our free Press. Yet it is tightly shackled by the most capricious and expensive libel law in the world—a law under which to have told the truth is no sure defence ● by HENRY FIRTH

THE GHOST OF ARTEMUS JONES was first conjured up by the Paris correspondent of the *Sunday Chronicle* who, one fateful day in 1910, decided to do a "bright" sketch on Dieppe for his paper. "Brilliant Scene at French Seaside," ran the headline, and somewhere in the human story below came this particularly "vivid" bit:

> "Whist! There is Artemus Jones with a woman who is not his wife—who must be—you know—the other thing. Really, is it not surprising how some of our fellow countrymen behave when they come abroad? You would never suppose by his goings on that he was a church warden at Peckham."

The reporter—who had drawn the name "Artemus Jones," like a good deal else in the story, from his own very adequate imagination—was a good deal shaken when a Mr. Artemus Jones, a young barrister, duly appeared and sued the *Sunday Chronicle* for libel.

The real Artemus Jones was a bachelor, had never been to Dieppe, had never been a church warden and did not live at Peckham. It was established, furthermore, that his "libeller" had never even known of his existence. But—"what does intention matter?" asked Lord Loreburn, dismissing the publisher's appeal in the House of Lords.

One might have thought that the *Sunday Chronicle's* immediate insertion of a "correction" would have met the case. But no. "Those who read the libel may never read the subsequent explanation," observed the judge, stonily.

Mr. Artemus Jones was awarded £1,750 and costs—and has been haunting newspaper offices steadily ever since.

Freedom Depends On It

This is unfortunate. As more and more of our national life comes under official control, public freedom depends more than anything on the survival of the constant and vigorous public criticism of which our Press has, for a century, been the principal sounding board. And in Britain today that Press is muzzled by the most vindictive, capricious and expensive law of libel in the world.

Before the war a U.S. Senate Committee held an important inquiry into the international arms industry. Evidence given before that committee, involving a number of great English firms, was "splashed" not only in America, but all over Europe. Englishmen, however, could not be permitted to know about it. The law forbade.

The Press which was once in the forefront of the fight for our historic liberties has been reduced by the law to a state in which it hardly dares to expose a swindling sharepusher. Said Mr. Justice McCardie: "I know quite well how large a number of fraudulent and undesirable persons remain unexposed through the severity of the rules of law in actions for defamation. The public too often loses the protection it so greatly needs."

Now, protection against malicious or careless libel is clearly necessary. But let us just watch for a moment how this law of libel works, with the ghost of Artemus Jones jogging every sub-editor's elbow as he wrestles with the mass of words that pour each night into the news-room. Some time back the *Daily Express* printed in all innocence the following news-item: "Why do people commit bigamy? Harold Newstead, thirty-year-old Camberwell man, who was jailed for nine months, liked having two wives at once. . . ."

A hairdresser's assistant, who happened to be of the same name and age and who also lived at Camberwell, promptly sued for libel and was awarded damages despite the paper's immediate insertion of a disclaimer.

There is the story of an editor who became so "Artemus Jones conscious" that he cut out of a story the name of a bookmaker, and wrote in "Mr. Blank." The following day a bookmaker named Blank stormed into the office, threatening an action. Sir Alan Herbert has pointed out that the time is fast approaching when the only prudent course even for a novelist will be to write: "X passionately kissed Y on the lips."

Juries' Policy: "Soak Them"

All this would not matter so much were it not that the penalties of libel, so easily committed, are ruinously high. The vicarious generosity of the juries which assess the damages in libel actions was becoming increasingly notorious in the inter-war years. The "little man" in the jury box instinctively sprang to the aid of that other "little man," the plaintiff. His principle has been not so much to assess the real damage done, but to "charge what the traffic will bear."

Damages of £25,000 awarded to Princess Irina Alexandrowna of Russia in the *Rasputin* film action were sufficient, pointed out defence counsel, Sir William Jowitt, to provide that lady with an income of £750 for life. "No doubt," commented an Appeal Court judge, "the damages are very large for a lady who lives in Paris and has not lost, so far as we know, a single friend, and has not been able to show that her reputation has in any way suffered."

Although Lord Justice Maugham stated that "the real damages he had suffered were trifling," Thomas J. Ley, the former New South Wales Cabinet Minister—later to be sentenced for the chalk pit murder—was awarded £5,000 in a 1934 libel action.

It is not, in fact, at all necessary to *have* a reputation to get large damages for injury suffered to it. One plaintiff was awarded heavy damages for a libel by a newspaper, published at the time when he had been made notorious throughout the country by the reports of his conviction for serious offences.

Britain's newspapers are among the best and fairest in the world, yet in this savage treatment of its Press this country stands alone. Highest damages ever given in France, prewar, were £260, and that was considered a "sensational" sum. Legal maximum in Austria was £400, in Germany £800, in Czechoslovakia £70. "If it's money you're after," a South African judge told a plaintiff, "you should have brought your action in England."

Thus our libel law has become not so much the shield of the honest citizen as a vast bran-tub with many rich prizes for enterprising legal spivs. Often a speculative solicitor is able to promise a prospective "client" that it won't even be necessary to take his case into court. So unpredictable are the reactions of juries in these cases, so complicated and uncertain is the law itself ("a concise statement" of "leading principles" occupies 1,200 pages) that even though they know a complaint is frivolous, newspapers often prefer to pay up rather than let the action go for trial.

In any attempt to prove "justification," a newspaper is restricted and hedged about by our ancient laws of evidence in all their academic rigour. Defending itself in an action brought by Sir Oswald Mosley for commenting on his political activities, the *Star* appealed in vain to the House of Lords for permission to put in evidence the constitution and rules, etc., of the British Union of Fascists. And if, as in this case, a newspaper has the courage to stick to its guns and seeks to prove the substance of its allegations, it runs the risk of aggravating its offence and piling up the damages that may be given against it.

Not only need a "libeller" not be aware of the existence of the person libelled, the vast majority of his readers may not be aware of the libel either. A sports reporter writes a story of a boxer-in-the-news. "His curly-headed wife sees every fight. 'I should be in more suspense at home,' she says. . . ."

But trouble is piling up for the unsuspecting reporter. For though the curly-headed lady lives with the boxer, she is *not* his wife. His wife starts an action for libel on the ground that the article casts doubts on her marital status. And although, as the court points out, the libel "rests entirely on innuendo"—the wife gets damages.

The fact is that though it is some time now since the law was in the habit of sticking newspaper editors in the pillory and having their ears cropped, its essential attitude to the Press has changed little. It may be that the Press is an indispensable organ of modern democracy, but the law sticks its head in the sand and refuses to take judicial note of the conditions under which its efficient functioning is possible.

What Some Reformers Propose

What can be done? In recent years three successive private member's bills for the reform of the law of libel have been introduced in the House of Commons. One, sponsored by Sir Alan Herbert, sought to lay the ghost of Artemus Jones at last by providing that it should be sufficient defence in an action for libel that the writer did not know of the plaintiff and was guilty of no lack of care in not knowing of the plaintiff.

A League-sponsored conference of Press experts meeting at Geneva in 1932 recommended wider use of the "Right of Reply" already in operation in a number of European countries and U.S. states. This aims to short-circuit actions by laying down in meticulous detail the conditions under which a person attacked in a newspaper shall have an equally prominent reply or rectification inserted.

Some believe that the biggest single reform would be to take the fixing of damages out of the hands of juries. They claim that during the war when judges alone tried libel actions, damages were much more reasonable.

Another proposal is to limit damages as in slander to damages actually proved; another aims to discourage speculative actions by providing that no more costs will be allowed than damages awarded; while yet another and more drastic proposal is that the onus of proving the falsity of an alleged libel should be placed on the plaintiff.

To decide just what combination of such reforms would, in practice, give the individual reasonable protection while at the same time freeing the Press from its present intolerable burden is, clearly, a difficult and highly technical task. Fortunately, since 1939 it has been in the highly expert hands of the Porter Committee, appointed by the Lord Chancellor to grapple with the anomalies of British libel law.

Fortunately, too, the report of this committee is expected shortly.

The Government should lose no time in acting upon it, clearing away the legal dry rot of centuries, and freeing our Press once more so that it can speak out again with the voice and the vigour that the British way of life demands.

JOHN BULL STORY SPECIAL

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Golf is a

The two principal characters in this absorbing story are a young man who has won everything his father has planned for him, and an attractive girl. The two of them, surely, have a lot in common. Reading on, you realize what an awful cheat success in the narrow sense can be

IT HAD BEEN QUITE A DAY, all right. They said that the reception coming up lower Broadway was as big as the one given Gertrude Ederle when she returned after swimming the Channel back in 1923. Then at City Hall the mayor had made a speech and had given me a scroll.

Now the official dinner at the Waldorf was almost over. They had brought in a huge cake.

On top of the cake was the figure of a golfer, supposed to be me. He was swinging a club and I couldn't help noticing that the pastrycook had made the mistake of having the left arm of the figure bent in the middle of his drive.

This seemed very funny to me and to father. I had just returned from England with the British Amateur and British Open in my pocket; I hadn't won those titles by driving in that way.

"Maybe the pastrycook never played golf," I said to father.

"I suppose it's possible, Ronnie." Certainly everyone father and I knew played golf. Even father's chauffeur played golf.

Anyhow, everyone had a piece of the cake and then the speeches began. Bobby Jones had come up from Atlanta for the dinner and he said a lot of nice things. I guess if he hadn't given up tournament golf to become a lawyer he would still be winning titles, but for some strange reason he quit a few years ago. Father always felt that Bobby had been somehow disloyal to the game.

Walter Hagen, looking as young as when he had won his last British Open in 1929, made a speech too; and then they called on me. I just thanked everyone for being so kind and said that I had been very lucky to score the first grand slam in golf since Bobby Jones had done it in 1930, and that it was all due to my father.

I added that I did the putting for the family and that father did the talking. Then father got up and they certainly raised the roof. They all loved him. I was just as proud of him as he seemed to be of me.

FATHER was very much at home on his feet. His white hair and his tightly drawn mouth somehow seemed to accentuate not his age but his youthfulness. Father was sixty, but he looked much younger.

He was tall and thin-stomached. He was a man who always took care of himself.

Rain or shine he played his eighteen holes every day and he'd give par a fight on any course in the country.

"This dinner is not in honour of Ronald Reeves, senior," father began. "It is to honour Ronald Reeves, junior, the world's greatest golfer.

"There are those who say that Ronnie was born with a silver spoon in his mouth," father went on. "Well, they are right. But he has used the spoon to good advantage, especially during those seventy-two holes at St. Andrews."

They laughed at that. I didn't laugh much, because when he mentioned St. Andrews that naturally made me think of Anne Jarvis, and something like a needle scratched across my brain, and for a moment I closed my eyes tight to shut out the pain. My father's voice droned on. He was telling of how he had dedicated my life to golf since the day I was born.

"There is no such thing as a natural born golfer," father said, and every man in the room was leaning forward, listening with great interest; for when father talked golf even the greatest professionals listened with respect.

"You are not born with any golfing know-how. When Ronnie was born I decided that I would make him the world's greatest golfer. When he was ten he was taking lessons. Tommy Armour was teaching him iron play; Alex Gerard was teaching him how to drive, and Horton Smith was teaching him to putt. While other youngsters his age were playing golf, Ronnie was learning golf."

It went on and on, and I kept my hands clenched, thinking of Anne Jarvis and of the careless way she brushed her hair back with her hand and of how sometimes she laughed with her eyes alone, and of her soft voice. I wished father would hurry. I wanted to be alone. Well, father finally drew to a close.

"For twenty-six years I have had but one ambition," father said. "I wanted Ronnie to be the champion I never was. He has become that champion. When Ronnie sank that last putt at St. Andrews to win the British Open—well, that was the happiest day of my life. And I know it was the happiest day of Ronnie's life."

Father sat down and the applause rolled over the speakers' table. There were cheers, and dozens of men came up and shook my hand and then finally I managed to say, "Father, I'm licked. I'm going to bed."

Then I ran. I ran to a lift and then I was alone in our suite.

I walked over to a portable bar father had installed in the living-room. I poured a very stiff drink of Scotch, added a little soda and walked to the window.

People down there in the streets would be saying enviously: "There's the luckiest guy in the world. He's rich and he's good-looking and he's the greatest golfer in the world. Yeah, he's got everything."

I gulped down my drink and then poured another. I told myself I was the luckiest guy in the world, and then I called myself a liar. Two drinks later I heard myself saying miserably, "I don't understand, Anne. I just don't understand. What have I done?" Then from a long way off I could hear Anne laughing, but very gently, and I heard her voice saying again, "Nothing, Ronnie

game

Whenever I played, father would be there

boy. You've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."

I met Anne two days after father and I had landed in London. We were staying at Claridge's, of course. The phone rang and a girl's voice said, "This is Anne Jarvis of the *Daily Post*. I've been assigned to do a feature article about you, Mr. Reeves. Could I see you?"

I said, "Any time. Come on up now if you're in the neighbourhood."

"As a matter of fact," said the voice, "I'm in the lobby."

"We're in 806, 807 and 808," I said, and hung up.

Two minutes later there was a knock on the door. I opened it and Anne Jarvis walked into my life. When I first went to England I had the usual American conception of all English girls having bad teeth, wearing very low-heeled shoes and being generally pretty dowdy. But this was my third trip to England (the other two were to play Walker Cup matches) and now I knew better. So I wasn't surprised when I saw Anne Jarvis.

ANNE had big soft eyes and that creamy complexion that only English girls seem to have. I suppose it's because the sun is kinder in England. Anne Jarvis smiled amiably and said, "You're kind to see me, Mr. Reeves."

"Sure, come in, sit down," I said.

"I know this is a bore for you. You are always being interviewed. But my editor is a big hands-across-the-sea boy. He thinks golfers and tennis players are ambassadors of goodwill or something. So I have to write a story about you. I've looked up the clippings on you, and I know all the factual stuff. So if you'll just say a few bright things I can tag on, why, I'm all set."

"Would you like some tea?" I asked.

"Not really. What is that I see over there?"

I followed her glance. It was directed towards the bar father had set up in one corner of the living-room.

"I guess there's about everything here," I said, almost apologetically. "Would you like a drink?"

"I would, indeed," Anne Jarvis said, smiling. "I see a bottle of twelve-year-old Scotch. That's something you never see in London any more."

"Father brought all this from home," I told her.

"So that's where our good whisky goes," she said. "A fine thing. May I have a glass of it?"

I fixed her a drink and poured a glass of soda water for myself.

"Are you making me drink alone?" she asked.

I was a little embarrassed. "Well, you know how it is. The Amateur is only a week away. Golf and drinking don't mix."

"Really now, Mr. Reeves, where did you get that quaint notion? Golf is a game born and bred in Scotland. And I am sure every Scotsman is born with a golf club in one hand and a dram of whisky in the other. I know my father was."

"Tournament golf is tough," I reminded her. "Especially match play. Two weeks from now I'll have to wade through a field of some hundred or so golfers. I couldn't do it on Scotch."

She looked at me and somehow I felt that her eyes were laughing at me a bit mockingly.

"Let's get the interview over with," she said, taking out a paper and a pencil. "You're the son of the ever-so-rich Ronald Reeves of Ronald Reeves and Company, investment bankers. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"He trained you from boyhood to be a golf champion. When you were twenty-one you won the United States Amateur and you've won it three times. This year you won the United States Amateur and the United States Open championships—the first time any golfer has done this since the days of Bobby Jones. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"Well" — she smiled — "that takes care of the unimportant details. Now let's get down to something more important."

"I can't think of anything more important than winning America's two major golf titles," I said, annoyed.

SHE laughed. "You're sweet," she said, and then she stopped laughing and a funny look came into her eyes. "But—you meant that, didn't you? And I thought you were kidding. You actually meant it."

"Yes, I meant it." I was puzzled at her attitude.

"You're twenty-six, aren't you?" she said quietly.

I nodded.

"What do you do?" she asked curiously.

"I play golf," I said. "Tournament golf is—well, it's a full-time job."

"You don't earn a living?"

"My grandfather attended to that about eighty years ago. It would seem rather silly for me to go out and make money when father has more than he and I can ever spend."

Just then father walked in. I introduced him to Anne Jarvis and he turned on his charm.

Within two minutes she was laughing at father's jokes and having another drink.

"It's about seven," father said. "Why not have dinner up here with us, Miss Jarvis?"

"Well — I ought to be ——" she hesitated.

"Please," I butted in, a little panicky. "How can you write a story about a man you've never dined with?"

"I won't take no for an answer," father said firmly, reaching for the phone. And that's how I happened to get to know Anne Jarvis better.

The fact that she was beautiful didn't excite me. I was accustomed to beautiful girls. It seemed sometimes as though the parents of half the lovely girls in America were tossing their daughters my way, but I knew they did it with one eye on father's money, so I had developed a protective armour against beauty.

But Anne had more than beauty. She had a quick intelligence. Her face was never in repose; it reflected everything that she was thinking. I think she was more *alive* than anyone I have ever known.

BETWEEN them, Anne and father covered every subject from the World Bank to a speech that Hugh Dalton had made the night before.

"It's so refreshing," Anne said, laughing up at father, "to find a person with whom you haven't a thing in common."

The waiter announced dinner then, so we went into the dining-room. Anne blinked when she saw a dozen oysters on the plate in front of her.

"They're so large," she said, looking at father.

"Larger than your Colchesters," he laughed. "These are Chesapeakes. Had them flown over."

"Don't you like oysters, Ronnie?" Anne said, looking at me. I didn't miss the "Ronnie." That, I liked.

"Oysters aren't on Ronnie's diet right now," father said.

"What in heaven's name is that?" Anne pointed to my glass.

Father said, "An idea of mine. I've been having Ronnie drink that for some time now. It's a combination of vegetable juices: parsley, celery, beets, carrots, plus some iron extract; a lot of vitamins."

"Looks frightening," she said, making a face.

"To play big-time golf," father told her, "you've got to be in the same condition as a Derby winner.

"I've always supervised Ronnie's training myself."

The waiter brought in the main course. It was a beautiful steak, about three inches thick.

"I knew Claridge's was good," Anne said, "But not this good. Mr. Reeves, where in England did you find all this?"

"No beef like that in England, Miss Jarvis," father smiled. "That's Black Angus beef from my own ranch in New Mexico. As a matter of fact, I had all this food flown over. You can't win golf titles on your English rations, you know."

Anne was quiet for a moment. "I guess not," she said thoughtfully. She looked down at her steak. "I'm eating a week's rations for a family of five."

"I wish we could give a steak like this to every family in London," father said heartily, and he meant it.

"The miners come out of the pits after eight back-breaking hours. They come home to a meal of thin soup, a bit of fish and some weak tea." It was as though Anne were talking to herself.

"But that isn't our fault, my dear," father said gently. "Finish your steak."

"I've had enough," she said in a small voice, pushing her plate away. "Tell me, has Ronnie a good chance to win the Amateur?"

We talked golf then, politely but without much interest. Suddenly Anne Jarvis was a remote stranger. She didn't want any dessert, although father had some wonderful fresh strawberries he'd flown over. I had some chocolate yoghourt, which is a cultured milk, flavoured. Father explained to Anne that this was one of the finest possible things to keep the digestive tract in good working order.

THAT'S when Anne stood up, and to my surprise I noticed two angry red spots on her cheeks.

"Will you stop talking about Ronnie as though he were a prize bull or a stud horse!" She bit her lip. "Ronnie might be a useful member of society if you'd only give him a chance."

"My dear, my dear," father said, obviously distressed. But it was too late. She had run into the living-room and we heard the slam of the door. I looked helplessly at father.

"I can't explain it, son," father shook his head sadly. "I never can understand women. Well"—he put the whole subject of women out of his mind —"I've hired Archie Parks to work with you this next week."

"I can't figure why she ran out like that," I said.

"Let's get our mind on golf, Ronnie," father said, looking at me sharply. "It's what we came over here for. . . ."

We left for Sandwich the next morning. I liked the way the course was trapped. Sloppy driving would exact high penalties on this course. That was all right with me.

I went around with Parks and learned the tricks the wind played. Father and I discussed the topography of every hole with Parks. I grabbed the *Daily Post* every morning, but there was no story

"I don't understand your attitude," I said. Here I was asking her to become Mrs. Ronald Reeves, and she talked about a ring in my nose!

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBB

about me. Not by Anne Jarvis. I couldn't figure it out.

However, this was no time to worry. I breezed through the early rounds of the Amateur easily enough. In the semi-finals Willie Turnesa carried me to three extra holes. But when I sank a thirty-six-foot putt to win on the twenty-first, Willie grinned, slapped me on the back and said, "Ronnie, you carry too many good shots in your bag for me."

I beat Michael Mulroy, the Irish champion, the next day without any trouble. They gave us a dinner that night in the clubhouse, and I was surprised to see Anne there. She was sitting with Sam Goodwin, a pretty good English amateur who had carried Bud Harding to the eighteenth in a third-round match.

ANNE JARVIS seemed glad to see me. She introduced me to Goodwin.

"What are you doing here, Anne?" I asked rather stupidly.

"I came to watch the animals perform," she laughed.

"Jarvie doesn't have a very high opinion of golfers," Goodwin said.

"The trouble is, I think of golf as a game," Anne said, "not as a vocation."

"What happened to the story you were going to do on me?" I asked.

Anne's eyes opened wide. "I only write light, amusing stories. I don't go in for tragedy, Ronnie."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Have a drink, Ronnie," Sam Goodwin laughed. "Pay no attention to this Fleet Street hussy."

"I—I'll have a glass of sherry," I said. I didn't think one drink would hurt me.

"Golf and drinking don't mix, Ronnie," Anne said with mock seriousness.

"If you don't behave I'll fix you the next time you're in my chair," Goodwin said, laying his fist against Anne's chin.

"Sam is a dentist." Anne smiled towards me. "He's my dentist and I'm scared stiff of him."

"You're a dentist?" I looked at the slender, casual-mannered English golfer in amazement. "And you carried Bud Harding to the eighteenth?"

"Bud was way off," Goodwin laughed. "I'm only a weekend golfer, Ronnie. I just got lucky on those first three rounds."

"If you could only work on your game seriously," I told him, "you'd be chasing all of us home. You've got everything but the accuracy that comes with constant practice."

"Maybe you're right," Goodwin said carelessly. "But I'm afraid I get as much of a kick pulling Annie's teeth as I ever would out of winning golf titles."

"One—only one of my teeth did you ever pull," Anne said.

"Jarvie, my pet, if we're driving back to London we'd better get started," Goodwin said.

Goodwin shook hands and grinned. "Knock 'em dead at St. Andrews, champ," he said. "Be fun to see an amateur win. Either you or Willie Turnesa could do it."

"Willie hasn't entered. He's leaving for home right away. Willie works pretty hard, you know," I told Goodwin.

Anne broke in: "An American athlete who works for a living? How too, too awful! I didn't know you allowed that."

"Willie is married and he has kids. Sure he works for a living. He's a salesman. Anything wrong in that?"

"No, no," Anne laughed. "I think it's marvellous. I honestly didn't know you Americans allowed working people to compete in amateur events."

Goodwin broke in: "All the best at St. Andrews, Ronnie. Look out for that eighth hole. It's a killer."

"I'll see you there, Ronnie," Anne said. "The paper is sending me."

"Would you have dinner with me the night the tournament ends?" I asked Anne. It seemed as though a lot depended on her answer.

"Of course I will," Anne said, her eyes soft. "No self-respecting newspaper gal would ever turn down a free meal. . . ."

There were one hundred and sixty of the world's greatest golfers entered at St. Andrews. I was amazed to see veterans completely blow up the first day. The great tradition surrounding St. Andrews, the importance of the event and the difficulties of the course itself all tend to tighten up the nerves.

None of these things bothered me because father had trained me for so many years never to feel on a golf course. He had drilled emotion out of me and in its place had substituted something he called concentration.

SPORTS writers have called me a golfing machine, and I guess they're right. During a match I never think of my score or of the other fellow's score. I only think of the shot I'm making.

I posted a respectable seventy-three on my first round. "This course isn't so tough," I told father as we drove back to the house after I finished.

"That's because you've been playing it all your life," father said.

"I never saw the course until two weeks ago," I said, puzzled.

Father smiled. "But I saw it forty years ago," he said. "And I played it fifty times and learned to know the course and to know what strokes a man needed to beat it. Every bit of training and coaching I've ever given you has been aimed towards beating St. Andrews."

"Do you suppose I'm going to win this one, Father?" I asked a bit anxiously.

"Yes, you're going to win it," father said casually, "with a score around 286."

"But, Father, that's . . . let me see . . . six strokes under scratch. No one beats par that badly here."

"No one," father said dryly, "has been practising and working all his life to do just that."

"Well, if you say so——"

"I do say so," father said. And then he added, "After you've won it you should have a long rest. Ronnie, I think it's time you started thinking of getting married. Have you anyone in mind?"

"No, Father, that is—not really." I was startled. Father had never talked like this to me before.

"You say, 'Not really.' That means you've been thinking a little bit about it. You—you rather like that Anne Jarvis, don't you, son?" Father smiled knowingly.

"I've only seen her twice, Father." I was embarrassed. "I like her, yes. She's all right."

"Yes, she is all right," father said. "Comes of a very fine family. Her father, you know, is Lord Haverfield. His brother came fairly close in the 1923 British Amateur."

"Where did you learn all this, Father?"

"My boy, having developed your mind, I find little difficulty in reading it," father laughed. "I noticed that you were concerned with the girl, so I had my people here look her up. No money, mind you, but fine stock. There's nothing more about golf I can teach you. I'd like to have a grandson to train."

"Then you wouldn't mind if I married Anne Jarvis?"

"Let's talk about it when we've licked St. Andrews," father said.

"Thanks, Father," I said. I was very happy and anxious now for the tournament to end. Three of us were bunched pretty closely for the lead as we started the final round. I finished with a sixty-nine, which made my total score 285—five strokes better than Wyman Worthington, the Scotch pro who finished second.

Well, father had been right again. He was always right. I felt a quick surge of affection for him as he stood beside me when Lord Beacon-Palgrave handed me the big silver cup.

There was a lot of cheering, and everyone was excited because, as I mentioned, it was the first time in more than twenty years that anyone has scored a grand slam in golf, winning all four major titles.

I found myself unable to join in the excitement. Perhaps because all along I had expected to win. Golf to me isn't an emotional game at all. I was surprised to see father's hand tremble as he took the cup from me.

"I've waited a long time for this, son," he said to me. "A long, long time. You've made me the happiest and proudest father in the world, Ronnie. As far as I'm concerned you can have anything you want."

"Even Miss Jarvis?" I asked.

"She's yours, son," he told me.

Just then she pushed her way through the crowd. "Congratulations, Champ," she said, laughing. "Do you remember you invited me to dinner?"

"I remember quite well, Miss Jarvis."

"You wouldn't mind trying English rations just for tonight, would you?"

"Not at all," I told her seriously. "After all, the tournament is over. I can lay off training for a while now."

"You might even have a glass of sherry?"

"That would be nice, I think."

THAT night, as is the custom, there was a big dinner, and I didn't get much of a chance to talk to Miss Jarvis until it was all over. Then there was dancing and we danced and then sat out on the terrace.

"Now that you've done the impossible," she said solemnly, "what are your plans? You are towering high on Mount Olympus, you're the best. Where do you go from there?"

"That's what I wanted to discuss with you, Miss Jarvis," I said seriously.

"If you call me Miss Jarvis again I'll give you the back of my hand," she stormed. "Every linotype operator, every copy boy, every cab driver in Fleet Street calls me Annie or Jarvie."

"I'll call you Anne if I may," I told her. "I would like to discuss marriage with you."

"Well," Anne said. "I'm glad you don't want to discuss the Russian situation."

"I don't know anything about the Russian situation," I said.

"Nobody else does, either, but that doesn't keep them from discussing it," she laughed. "So you want to talk about marriage, Ronnie. Are you for it or against it?"

"I do not mean to discuss marriage academically," I said, a little annoyed at her lack of perception. "I mean it personally. I was thinking of you and me. That is, the two of us together."

Anne looked at me with a puzzled frown. "You're not by any chance proposing to me, are you?" she said in an incredulous voice.

"If you choose to put it that way—yes, I am."

Anne was silent for a moment. "Well, I'll be damned!" she said slowly. "You really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. And father approves, too. He thinks it would be a fine thing."

"He does, does he?" Anne stood up, looking down at me. "But won't that interfere with his plans? Now that you're the big champion, isn't he going to take you home to exhibit you? Isn't he going to put a ring in your nose and lead you

Continued on page 14

"Storks? Yes, sir—third pond on the left past the pelicans"

THIS WEEK'S COVER

JUST OFF Fleet Street stands the "Mucky Duck." At least that's what its "regulars" — mostly writers and artists — affectionately call the "White Swan," the pub that is presided over by Jack Ryan, featured in Clive Upton's cover painting. For the past twenty-five years genial Jack has catered for the considerable thirst of newspaper folk. He is no stranger to art. Weekly, an unusual life class is held in one of the pub's top rooms: a nude poses, not to students, but to famous illustrators and cartoonists. Don't be fooled by Jack's cup of tea. He still has a sturdy belief in the motto on the wall behind him.

A Westland-Sikorsky helicopter, touching down on Horse Guards Parade, London, demonstrates the plane's ability to land in the heart of a city

Door-to-Door Sky Bus

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

In the not-too-distant future you may be catching the 8.30 helicopter to work and the 5.30 back home—for thirty-six seaters are already planned

ONE GUSTY OCTOBER DAY LAST YEAR, helicopters hit the headlines in a big way. Suspended by a cable from a hovering helicopter, a man landed on the gallery of Dungeness lighthouse.

This demonstration proved that stormbound lighthouse keepers could be fed, relieved and contacted physically in emergency—all by air. The pioneer who did it was Mr. Norman Hill.

Norman Hill is certainly not a name you've heard the last of. His life has been mostly helicopters since he first saw an autogiro demonstration fourteen years ago. Later, he qualified as a pilot under the instruction of H. A. Marsh. When war came, Hill went to the Rotary Wing Squadron of the R.A.F. Marsh was his commanding officer.

Today Marsh is chairman of the Helicopter Association of Great Britain and Norman Hill vice-chairman. This association, two hundred members strong, is putting the helicopter on the map.

At the moment Norman Hill is pursuing a new postwar project with helicopters. He is organizing —for the British Electric Traction Company— charter services for passengers and freight between regular points round our coast; and he is planning a regular maintenance service for seamarks on behalf of Trinity House.

Helicopter men have one incontrovertible argument—they will point to the mammoth fifty-seater airliner and then to the helicopter which can all but take off from beneath the wing of the giant. They will then draw a comparison between miles per minute and "overall" time taken in getting from point to point.

Any business man who uses long-distance commercial airlines knows the delays that precede and follow flights on the great trunk routes. Nor are the delays all on the ground. At busy airports, incoming airliners are "stacked" in a vertical "queue," flying around an airport sometimes for hours waiting their turn to come in.

But the helicopter, flying direct from point to point and landing almost anywhere, needs no enormous and costly landing grounds. That is why British European Airways are very much alive to helicopters down at Yeovil in Somerset just now.

Postman's Drop?

B.E.A.'s own helicopter unit under Wing Commander Reginald Brie is experimenting with helicopters as mail carriers. He is building up a 129-mile circuit with eight or nine calling points. Dummy mails are being carried at the moment, but it is expected that a regular helicopter mail-carrying service will be operating in East Anglia by May.

To meet future needs the Bristol Aeroplane Co. and the Cierva Autogiro Co. are pushing the production of multi-seaters. The Bristol machine, known as the "173," has twin rotors driven by two motors, either of which will sustain flight. It is designed to carry ten passengers or a corresponding amount of freight.

The Cierva Company makes a "world's largest" claim for the helicopter it is testing this spring. The Cierva "W.12" has three rotors powered by Rolls-Royce Merlin engines. There are two versions —one a freight carrier to take a load of three tons; the other a twenty-six seater. The freighter has large doors and a ramp; a small car can be driven into its hold. The passenger version is to be as luxurious and comfortable as any airliner. It will have fireproof and soundproof bulkheads to cut off engine-room noise.

This summer Cierva's will turn out a big sister of the "W.12"—a thirty-six seater with a payload of five or six tons; but before this the company hopes to have a two-seater in mass production to sell at a low figure. It is for the export market, for private or commercial use, or as a trainer.

Fairey Aviation has a four-seater—the Gyrodyne —whose prototype has already gone through successful tests at Heston Airport. Under licence, American helicopters like the Sikorsky S.51 are being turned out at Yeovil by Westland Aircraft, Ltd.

Cross-Channel, Too

The helicopter story reaches the West End of London, too. Offices are now established for passenger bookings and administration by Mr. L. S. Wigdortchik, managing director of Helicopter and Rotary Wings, Ltd. He is planning a triangular passenger run—London, Paris, Brussels—to be operated exclusively by helicopters.

And so, in strides of which the general public has hardly been aware, the helicopter men have brought us to the threshold of a new flying age— the helicopter age.

How much will it affect our daily lives and influence the future? The answer is in men like Norman Hill, the men who even now are discovering new and almost limitless possibilities for a machine that can rise and descend vertically, move forwards, backwards, sideways like a crab, or simply hover motionless in the air.

Many of the machine's more obvious uses have already been exploited. Helicopters have located and reached survivors of passenger planes that have crashed in inaccessible places; they have spotted and fought forest fires; they have sprayed crop areas to destroy pests; they have been used for inspecting high-tension cables.

But nearest to the heart of the man in the street is the idea of the helicopter as an air taxi. Pictures have already recorded the arrival and take-off of helicopters in London's Horse Guards Parade, in a private garden and in a City street. The helicopter men will inevitably take over the skies above our big cities and ports.

The plan for London which many of them favour is that the Thames should be an air corridor for the cruising metropolitan helicopters. They will land and take off at floating platforms moored to the river bank. And rooftop landings—a Wellsian dream of not-so-long-ago—now need nothing more than the rooftops and an amendment of the safety rule for flying over cities.

The Norman Hills of Britain claim that helicopters have a safety record far greater than any other form of transport—aerial or earthbound. These men, putting the total casualty figure at twenty during fifteen years of experiment and evolution, can assert that their machine has been instrumental in saving more than twice that number of lives.

The helicopters are coming, and in the midst of all their everyday activities and the hundred uses that man will put them to, they will continue to reclaim lives. Wasn't that the happy omen of the man who dizzily trod air downwards towards a lighthouse gallery at Dungeness on that windy day last October?

INSIDE VIEW OF THE

My kingdom for a house, sighs the bride. Here a housewife describes what's building—good points and bad in several new types of prefab and permanent homes ● *by Kay Smallshaw*

"A new house? It would be heaven. Anything would be, after living with my husband's people. . . ."

"Well, they've got a prefab. I wouldn't fancy it myself. Too much like a tin box. . . ."

DESPITE PESSIMISTIC TALK, and although the process is much slower than we all hoped, the houses *are* going up. But what sort of houses are they that are now being built on "estates" all over the country?

To people who have been doubling up with in-laws or living crowded in a furnished room or a basement slum, almost any sort of clean new house seems paradise. Do the postwar houses pass that test but little else?

Neat rows of unpretentious little semi-detached or four-in-a-block terrace "dwellings" with small squares of garden in front and, often, a clutter of outbuildings at back. That is the picture of council houses that many people conjure up.

It is true that most of the houses *are* being built by local authorities. That is inevitable in the present crisis, for each local authority is responsible for housing, "according to need," in its district. And the need, of course, is overpoweringly great.

But from its appearance, anyhow, it is hard to tell whether any particular house today has been put up by private enterprise or by a council. Every builder—a one-man enterprise working on a small site or a local authority that thinks in terms of thousands of houses—has to conform to certain standards.

No house may cost more than £1,400 to build in London or £1,300 throughout the rest of the country, including the price of the land. It mustn't be bigger than 1,000 "super" feet for a two-storey house, or 930 for a bungalow.

Though luxury building is out, the average house being put up today is likely to be a good deal better than prewar.

Take, for example, the "kitchenette" in the average under-£1,000 semi-detached house built by the hundred in the years between the wars. It usually lay behind the narrow "hall," with its door in a direct line with the front door and the back door placed so that a through draught was inevitable. The sink, too often placed in a corner or where the hot water would be cooled by the air from the back door, had one draining board only. There was no space for more.

In the average council house, the housewife's difficulties were even more acute. Ofter the bathroom opened straight out of the scullery. Most of the cooking was done in the one living-room on a coal range which also heated the water. It made the room nice and warm, certainly, but, with no additional sitting-room, there was no privacy.

But it's today that matters.

I recently started a "sample" housing inquiry at Brighton. Building is going on there at half a dozen different estates now being carved out of the Downs cradling the town. In order to get up houses as quickly as possible, the Housing Committee is

Spacious living-room of Mrs. Butler's Swedish timber home. But many new houses lack assets like bigger windows and modern stoves

NEW HOMES

Mrs. Dibden relaxing by the new-style fireplace. Hot water radiators heat the whole of building

experimenting with several types, factory made and ordinary brick-built.

During a meeting with the borough architect I looked at plans for eight types of ordinary bricks-and-mortar houses. Some have two bedrooms, many three, a few four or even more, so that families of every size can be accommodated.

If you include the "outbuildings" now attached to the house, today's house is very nearly half as large again as the stock 1933 type. These "outbuildings" differ greatly from the tin-roofed sheds that used to disfigure so many little gardens. Now, a brick-built coal shed and a second w.c. are combined, and there is another little "room" which will take a couple of bicycles, gardening tools and even a workbench.

I asked the effect of shortages on the houses being built. Timber is the worst. Except for the red-tiled kitchens, the downstairs floors are now of pitch mastic instead of wood. By laying the present floors a little lower, room is left for wood floors on top of the mastic ones when that becomes possible. The mastic polishes up well and isn't dusty.

Almost a bigger bogy than shortages is cost. The Ministry of Health has to be eagle-eyed to see that the overall prices are not being exceeded. That is why cupboards shown on the plan don't always appear in the houses, and french or bay windows are omitted.

Interior finishes also have had to be cut. When tenants move in, walls are bare plaster. After the twelve months needed for drying out, distemper is supplied free, but the tenant has to put it on. Woodwork, though, is painted or finished with clear varnish.

Housewives were my next informants. I'd got the general picture. Now I wanted to see what it is like to *live* in a postwar house.

Out at Withdean, in Carden Avenue, I met Mrs. Hitchens, who has a three-bedroom house. Lovingly she showed me her five-month-old twins, a boy and a girl. With two more under school age, she'd got her hands full, but as she said: "It's so beautiful here for the children. They can all have a bath every night and there's plenty of room for them to play."

Easy to Run, Ideal for Children

Mrs. Hitchens's home has a "utility" room with extra sink and an electric boiler for the washing. Naturally, with two small babies she has washing every day, so she couldn't speak too highly of this bit of planning. Her kitchen, with the utility room, takes up the full width of the house at the back. The sitting-room and the hall take up the front. All the "working" part of the kitchen is concentrated at one end. A shoulder-high wall divides it from the dining part. Mrs. Hitchens thought this arrangement very good in a family with several small children. "I can keep my eye on them all the time, but they're not under my feet," she said.

Other types of brick-built houses had their good points. But I wanted to see what a temporary "prefab" bungalow was like to live in.

Girlish-looking Mrs. Campbell has been a year and a half in hers, beautifully situated on the edge of Varndean Girls' School playing fields. There's now a baby to keep her six-year-old daughter company. Mrs. Campbell has been promised one of the new permanent houses at the top of the hill very soon, but she doesn't want to move. She has everything she wants here, she says.

As I went round and saw the smooth-running built-in fixtures in every room, felt the warmth that came from the hot-air vents in the two bedrooms and hall, and observed the excellent planning of the kitchen, it was easy to agree with her.

Much has been said about the restricted size of the temporary prefabs. It wasn't noticeable in Mrs. Campbell's model. There was ample room in the hall for a pram, as well as for the good-sized linen and coat cupboards and the shallow one containing meters and fuse boxes.

As for the kitchen, Mrs. Campbell said they had most meals there, and there was certainly room enough. She was particularly proud of her built-in refrigerator and wash boiler, which drained into the main waste pipe and did not have to be emptied. The sink of galvanized iron was voted not such a success. "The grease sticks to it so, and it's really a job to get it clean."

Mrs. Campbell thought that perhaps there was a little more condensation on her windows than in an ordinary house, but it wasn't really noticeable. Although the situation is high and exposed, the bungalow keeps very warm, and the slightly lower-than-average ceilings have never worried her.

I went next to the other side of Brighton, to a new estate on the way to Lewes. Here, among the brick-built houses, were a number of what are known as "B.I.S.F." (British Iron and Steel Federation) steel-framed ones.

Built entirely of steel, except for the chimney stacks, these do have a slightly "corrugated iron" appearance. When painted cream, however, they rather resemble a wooden "frame" house or even, as Mrs. Dibden, of West Drive, Coldean, said, a Swiss chalet.

She Didn't Like It at First

Mrs. Dibden, with three children, told me that at first she didn't like the outside one bit. Now, however, she's so in love with her house, in which she had been living throughout the winter, that she thinks it has its good features after all. Didn't I like the lovely sweep of the windows and the glass-sided porch? I did, very much, and I certainly agreed with Mrs. Dibden that she had a wonderful kitchen. In completeness of fitments, it scored over the kitchens in the brick-built houses.

From the kitchen, Mrs. Dibden proudly opened a door to show me the dining-room. It was quite big enough to use as a study as well as for meals, and the wide windows, looking on to the garden, made it very bright. The radiator in the dining-room intrigued me, and Mrs. Dibden turned it on to show how hot it was. Each bedroom has a radiator, so that the house is kept pleasantly warm. Not seeing any boiler, I asked how the hot water system worked. The whole house, I found, is warmed by an open fire, of special design, in the sitting-room. It has a big square chimney stack, and heats enough hot water for sink, bath, the radiators and the airing cupboard.

Other types of houses I saw at Brighton included some delightful two-flat houses and others called "Duplex"; these are semi-detached three-bedroomed houses converted temporarily into two flats.

Variety in the Villages

Country districts have their own problems, so I went to the Rural District of Cuckfield, which comprises several small country towns and a number of villages in East Sussex. Again the principle of "as much variety as possible, if it will help us to get on with the job of rehousing" has been followed by the council. "Airey Rurals," permanent prefabs, Swedish timber and bricks-and-mortar houses of various sizes are being built.

Mrs. Butler has lived for over a year in one of a pair of Swedish timber houses at Horstead Keynes. It's a lovely open spot with far-flung views, and the white wooden houses with the bright Swedish blue doors and window frames look exactly right.

From the back door you step straight into a tiled-floor utility room, which leads direct to the extra lavatory and coal store. On the other side of the utility room is the kitchen, with well-placed windows looking on to the road. Mrs. Butler pointed out the built-in fitments, all with flush doors—a real labour-saving point.

On the outskirts of the little country town of Hurstpierpoint the group of "Airey Rural" houses made from prefabricated concrete slabs didn't look at all out of character. This may be due both to the house itself which, with its tiled roof and stone-coloured walls, has no "factory-made" appearance, and to intelligent placing.

The tall Scotch firs in the Browns' garden, for instance, certainly helped.

Mr. Brown, a baker, had just finished helping wash up, and was going to take his little daughter out. Both his wife and he liked the layout of

working kitchen opening into good-sized living-room with cook-and-heat stove, and separate sitting-room at the front of the house. Mrs. Brown took me out into the garden to inspect the extra large washhouse shed and coal store.

So far, I had seen no blocks of flats, so I came back to London to inspect an ultra-modern block now being built in Holborn.

These flats would have been described, and rightly, before the war as a "luxury block." Designed to make living in the crowded centre of the city as pleasant as possible, they have central heating throughout. Although there are no coals to be lugged up, each floor is served with a lift. On every floor in the biggest block, and in the basement of the others, are communal laundries with electric washing machines.

So much for the sample "survey." Judging from the three widely different districts I've visited it looks as if post-war housing is pretty good. Tenants to whom I spoke had few complaints.

Heating Needs Improvement

Heating methods, in spite of a real advance on prewar practice, seemed to me to be most capable of improvement. The cook-and-heat stoves of various types have much to commend them. They work out cheaper for a family than gas or electricity and are not subject to switch-offs and pressure cuts.

On the other hand the back-to-back stoves are still heavy on fuel compared with some other solid-fuel types. Then there is the work involved. Almost everyone I spoke to found it necessary to clean out and re-lay the fire daily. Signs of smoke discolouration were also visible. This is due to soft coal being burned with coke or anthracite.

The open fire grates certainly had improved back boilers which were fairly efficient in heating water. But only in the temporary prefab was some of the waste heat that normally goes up the chimney utilized to give convection heating in other rooms. The fire in the B.I.S.F. steel house—another factory-made one—also heated radiators, which is a step forward.

Gas-coke grates for open fires have now reached a high pitch of efficiency. They save dust, laying a fire and also cut upkeep costs. None was fitted, though I understand Brighton has considered them.

One of the grates I was hoping to see, but did not, was a type shown at the Solid Fuel Research Centre during the war. By means of an iron hood the fire can be turned from an open to a closed one in a few seconds. When the hood is down the fire will burn slowly, with low fuel consumption, all night. Clinker is burnt to ash, so the fire box beneath the grate needs emptying only once a week.

What are the reasons for not making more use of modern fuel- and labour-saving fires and stoves? The builder will try to say that the housewife wouldn't like them. Just give her the chance! At Holborn, for example, I asked if there had been any complaints about the lack of open fires in the flats. A suggestion book was provided to get the reactions of possible tenants. There were no pleas for the traditional coal grate.

"Not a word out of either of you!"

No, it's the builders and not the house dwellers who are biased. Modern stoves and grates need understanding and careful fitting. They also add to the cost. Probably the Ministry of Health must take some of the blame here. In the need to cut immediate capital costs it has been unsympathetic to the fitting of more economical but higher priced heating appliances.

Most of the other improvements generally considered desirable can be dismissed as impracticable on the grounds of cost. Bigger windows, better finishes to ceilings and walls, flush doors instead of the dust-trap panelled kind, have had to be postponed on economy grounds.

So have such labour-saving devices as having square, not round, clothes boilers which will take a wringer and thus obviate the need for a separate stand. Better still is the boiler built in next to the sink, so that the dirty water drains away into the pipes and has not to be emptied.

Arrangement of work surfaces and lighting could still be improved, though much has already been done. But here the housewife's voice is needed. Far too many women are content to make the best of what is handed out to them, without thinking as to how it could be altered to make their job easier.

It's been taken for granted too long that the housewife's time is of little value. Recently, when a single-handed mother of four young children suggested a way of easing the wash-day burden, she was told: "Oh, you'd have nothing to do and would be going to the pictures all day." Such stupid and ignorant sentiments are still far too common.

Can See Beyond the Sink

But I think there is hope! Women who have come from old-fashioned, make-do quarters to a new, planned house appreciate how much time and energy is saved by well-thought-out equipment. No longer too tired to look beyond the sink, they can use their wits to see where further improvements would be worth while.

It isn't a question of "luxury gadgets," but just of giving the nation's hardest pressed section—the women in the home—"the tools for the job."

GOLF IS A GAME: from page 10

around the country to show you off?"

"I don't understand your attitude," I said. I didn't, either. Here I was asking her to become Mrs. Ronald Reeves, junior, and she talked about a ring in my nose.

"No, you don't," Anne said thoughtfully. "You really don't. I can't even get angry, Ronnie. You're sweet, but Ronnie, my pet, I just want to stroke your curls and say, 'Poor Ronnie, poor, dear Ronnie. You don't understand at all,' Ronnie, don't you realize that you're much too young to be married?"

"I am twenty-six, Anne."

"You are ten, Ronnie boy," she said sadly. "When you were ten your father started you on golf, and you stopped growing mentally right then and there. Golf is all you know. Really, Ronnie, you have nothing to offer a girl."

"My wife will always be well provided for," I protested.

Anne put her hands to her eyes. I didn't know whether she was laughing or crying. I guess it was a little of both. She reached for her handkerchief.

"Ronnie, boy, Ronnie," she gasped. "Imagine bringing tears to my old eyes. But, darling, you still don't understand. Suppose we were married. What would we talk about? What would we do. Could we ever walk into the moonlight and feel that the stars belonged to us? Could we ever stand in a pine grove and hear the rustling of the trees and know they were singing a song that only we could hear? Could we, Ronnie?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, Anne," I said miserably. I thought she must have been drinking.

"That's what love is, Ronnie," she said earnestly. "When two people are so close, so in tune, that they hear things and see things no one else can hear or see. But, Ronnie, a man with the mind of a ten-year-old boy can't feel these things."

"I suppose someone like Sam Goodwin could?" I don't know why I said it.

"Sam?" Anne looked thoughtful. "Yes, Sam is like that. Millions of men are like that. But not you, Ronnie. You're too young to know about love."

"I am sure I love you, Anne," I said softly.

"And I love you, Ronnie—as I would love any sweet little boy," she said. "But a girl can't marry a boy. Ronnie, you've never shouldered a responsibility in your life. You've never done anything."

"I've won the four big golf titles this year."

"Yes, Ronnie, you did. And you were a good boy and you drank all the nasty vegetable juices and ate the big steaks your father brought over. Yes, like the good little boy that you—oh, Ronnie. Ronnie, I'm so sorry for you. So sorry. But I hate you for not seeing what your father has done to you. To satisfy a selfish, cruel whim he made you into a machine. Ronnie, you've never learned to live or laugh or dream. You let him do this to you without protest—and I hate you for it!"

That's when I asked, "What have I done? Anne—I just don't understand. What have I done?"

"Nothing, Ronnie boy. You've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."

She turned then with what sounded like a sob and left me there alone. I took a step after her but then stopped. I was too bewildered and unhappy to do anything but stand there. I'd never been unhappy or bewildered before. What had she meant about my father? Father had always been wonderful to me. I'd always depended upon him for everything. What had he done to me?

I didn't see Anne again.

I thought of all this, sitting there in our suite at the hotel. I looked at my watch. I'd been there nearly an hour. Then I heard loud laughter and happy voices out in the corridor. The door opened and father and a group of his friends came in. Of course these friends of father's had all bet on me and they greeted me a bit boisterously when they entered the room. There were nine of them.

"The champion sitting all by himself," one of them chortled. "A fine thing indeed. You ought to be celebrating tonight, Ronnie. It's your night—your night to howl."

"Drinks are here, boys." Father beamed. "Scotch, bourbon, brandy."

They filled their glasses and they all talked at once—which was all right, because none of them were very good listeners. Every one of them slapped me on the back at least once and said, "You're the luckiest boy in the world, Ronnie." Or they said, "You got the greatest old man in the whole damn' worl' and don't let anyone tell you different."

Two of them put their arms round father's neck and started singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow. . . ."

One of them pulled me to my feet and made me join in. We started it again and I sang with the rest of them, but I kept thinking: What am I going to do when I wake up tomorrow? What will I do the next day? What will I do every day from now on?

And the needle that had scratched across my brain before came back, and again I shut my eyes to hide the pain—and again Anne's voice came as though from far away, "*Nothing, Ronnie boy, you've done nothing. But absolutely nothing.*"

And suddenly it was all clear to me. I knew what she meant now. And I looked at father and his friends and it was as though I'd never seen them before. And I must have sobbed out loud, because father looked at me strangely. I turned then and ran into my bedroom and shut the door.

Island Story

WHILE SHOPPING in a large store recently I heard a young woman ask the price of a pair of men's silk pyjamas.

"Ten guineas," answered the assistant.

"Ten guineas!" replied the girl. "For that price they should have a man in them."—*H. K. Mitchell, 7 Hall Street, Soham, Ely, Cambs.*

★

THE OTHER DAY, five-year-old Michael came in from next door to tell me that his mummy had gone to hospital and got him a lovely little baby brother.

"Oh, isn't she lucky!" I said. "When I went they only gave me some medicine."

Michael thought for a moment before he spoke again.

"I'd try again if I were you," he advised seriously. "I think they've got their new lot in now."—*Miss M. E. Easten, 23 Pemberton Gardens, London, N.19.*

★

HE WAS IN BAD SHAPE when they brought him up from the pit. Before he could be freed from the fall, the doctor had to amputate his leg.

But in the ambulance room he seemed quite cheery, and when his son arrived, and couldn't find words to express his emotion, the father said from coal-blackened lips:

"Never mind, lad. Only one boot to clean on Sunday morning!"—*J. Williams, 62 Ewenny Road, Bridgend, Glam.*

One guinea will be paid on publication for readers' *personal* experiences reflecting aspects of life in Britain today. Entries should be marked "Island Story."

Four Boys and a Girl Sleep in One Room • Plenty of Steel on Beaches • Homes or Wasteland?

Who's to sleep in dustbin ? Mrs. M. Scott (right) with three of her five children

FREE SPEECH

I WONDER IF ANYONE can equal my frustrating experience with a local council. The house we live in is falling to pieces, windows are out and water runs down the walls.

Five children, a girl aged twenty-three, and four boys aged twenty, eighteen, ten and six, all sleep in one room. The ten-year-old has been crippled since birth.

When the sanitary inspector came to see the house two years ago, he sent a new dustbin. I'm wondering which of the children he expected to sleep in it!

To crown it all, we have now been advised to put our name down for a council house. It has been on the list since 1925.—MRS. M. SCOTT, 6 South View, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham.

Steel Coast

THERE IS SUPPOSED to be a steel shortage, yet, between the villages of Burton Bradstock and Abbotsbury on the West Dorset coast, there are seven miles of tubular steel beach defences.

The beach lies close to a main road and has a railway line at either end. Lack of initiative cannot be excused in this case by transport difficulties.—HUGH STOKER, Chideock, Bridport, Dorset.

Battle for a Village

I AM APPEALING FOR the return of the Stanford, Norfolk, battle ground to the former inhabitants.

There are 144 cottages in this 19,000 acre area, and the tenants left early in the war, after receiving a pledge from the Government that their homes would be restored to them when the war had ended.

Now, however, I understand that it is wanted for a bomber practice ground. The official inquiry into the fate of the village has been held, and now the decision lies with Lewis Silkin, Minister of Town and Country Planning.

If the Government wants more food and contented people instead of wasteland and destruction, that decision had better come soon—and be the right one. —C. G. NETHERTON, 5 Swanmore Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

Film Swindle

WORKING AT A LOCAL photographer's developing films I recently became aware of a new type of swindle.

Films manufactured by reliable firms are few and far between, so the public is buying many unreliable makes. Some are giving quite good results; but recently in the dark room I have found many spools that contain nothing but backing paper. So buy carefully before you "load up" for holiday snaps this year.—WILLIAM E. LIST, 16 Cromwell Road, Redhill, Surrey.

Jocularity, not Discourtesy

AS A RESULT OF MY letter in JOHN BULL, March 6, complaining of the discourtesy I had met with from estate agents in Bridlington who had not answered my inquiries for accommodation, I have heard from the town clerk of Bridlington who has been investigating the charges.

He tells me that of the twelve "estate agents" I wrote to, only seven were in fact *bona fide* estate agents. The others were "managers of holiday camps who provide accommodation . . . in converted tram and bus bodies, railway coaches and the like, and of these five, two are outside the borough."

This may be correct—but the town clerk himself supplied me with the list of twelve names, which I understood provided a good class of accommodation. One of the two firms who answered (ten of them did not) replied in three words: "You've Had It." The town clerk states that this was not intended discourteously, but as a jocular reply to my own brief inquiry: "Bungalow wanted, August."

While I must accept this interpretation I feel that it is no more inviting to prospective visitors than the lack of replies from the other ten agents.—CHARLES NOBLE, 302 Green Lane, Norbury, London, S.W.16.

She Likes Readers' Photos . . .

I AM A REGULAR READER of "Free Speech" and greatly appreciate the recently instituted practice of printing readers' photographs.

I find that it adds enormously to the interest of the subject when one has the physical image of the writer to lend vitality to the printed word. What do other readers feel about this? — MISS SARAH DIXON, 7 Sunningdale Avenue, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

. . . He's Suspicious

ARE "FREE SPEECH" letters really genuine and unsolicited? If so, why are some of them accompanied by the writers' photographs?

Surely people do not send portraits with their letters. Or are the photographs specially taken by JOHN BULL?—R. C. STACEY, 15 Pelham Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

**** Some photographs are sent in by readers on their own responsibility; others are specially taken by* JOHN BULL. *All letters are, of course, genuine and unsolicited.*—EDITOR.

Handsome Men

THE LETTER headed "Tall, Dark and Sleepless" from Peter Darley, of Bradford (JOHN BULL, March 20), was most amusing. How utterly discouraging for one so *handsome* to be left out in the cold.

Miss Ena Trolley

Although I am only twenty-one, my experience of exceptionally handsome men is that they are largely a pain in the neck. They are usually so busy reminding themselves how good-looking they are that they expect every girl they meet to spend the rest of her life admiring the view.

We all dream of having a suitably attractive mate but girls are naturally cautious regarding those exceptionally so. My advice to Mr. Darley is to forget his unfortunate state, put all his mirrors out of sight, and try again.—MISS ENA TROLLEY, 16 Boulder Lane, Parks Estate, Leicester.

**** More than six hundred letters were received on this subject. Handsome men took a handsome towsing.*—EDITOR.

Invitation to Housewives

THE SUGGESTION BY Mrs. V. Powderham in "Free Speech," March 13, that a "Brainwave Bureau" be set up as a link between manufacturers and housewives, is an excellent one.

The Society of Inventors, Birmingham branch, will welcome suggestions and criticisms from housewives. I shall be pleased to hear from any of your readers and will advise them of our meetings.—B. THORNTON CLARK, 244 Stoney Lane, Yardley, Birmingham, 25.

Embalmer says "Thanks" . . .

AS A YOUNG STUDENT of the art of embalming, I must congratulate JOHN BULL on publicising this subject (March 20).

The "Memory Picture" is an important factor but more important is the safeguard from the spreading of disease. Embalming is primarily sanitary, and not just a means of preservation.

Our association hopes that we shall soon see the day when all bodies will be embalmed, as in America now. A shorter term aspiration is for all members of the National Association of Undertakers to be qualified in embalming.

It may be of interest that a woman member took the last examination with me.—ROBERT P. PEPPERDINE, 28 Ayres Road, Manchester, 16.

. . . Poisoners Beware

THE ARTICLE ON embalming by Hubert Cole was most interesting and informative. If only for the sake of hygiene embalming should be made compulsory.

One vital point, however, needs answering: does the presence of the embalming fluid destroy or neutralize any poison that might be present in the body after death, thereby allowing the poisoner to destroy any evidence?—I. SHURMER, 56 Albany Road, Roath Park, Cardiff.

**** Many poisons are more easily traceable owing to preservative in embalming fluid.*—EDITOR.

Our Grand National Cover

CONGRATULATIONS TO Gilbert Wilkinson on his cover picture of the St. John Ambulance man carrying a jockey from the course (JOHN BULL, March 20).

As a member of the organization it appeals to me as a very true record of the valuable work put in by my colleagues at many public events.

The explanatory panel inside, however, refers to the man as being a member of the St. John Ambulance Association. Shouldn't this read "Brigade"?

The Association is a non-uniformed body of trained personnel and has no connection with the work of the Brigades. — W. SMART, 43 Fourteenth Avenue, New Wortley, Leeds, 2.

**** St. John Ambulance Association is the ruling body, carries out all training and administration. After training, certain members are appointed to uniformed branches for practical first aid work.*—EDITOR.

Loud and Clear

FAR TOO many people are apt to classify as a "spiv" anyone who likes wearing "loud" clothes and ties. I myself prefer loud clothes, and love flashy bow ties; nevertheless, as a musician I work very hard entertaining people.

R. Kelly

It is a little hard, at the end of a trying day, to be called a spiv!—R. KELLY, 2 Hampden Road, Sale, Cheshire.

Ordinary Men Don't Want War

N. POWER, OF GRAVESEND, emphasized in a letter in JOHN BULL, March 13, that neither the Stern Gang nor the Mufti represented the common man in Palestine. This is probably true—but has the common man ever been represented by those who wage war? The common man does not want war—but it happens just the same. — S. V. CROSS, 26 St. Anthony's Road, Preston, Lancs.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication

WITH MY FEET UP

Love is All, Love is All

MUNICIPAL COUNCILS all over the country, so I read, are likely to set up marriage guidance bureaux. Through these, husbands and wives who can't stand the sight of each other will be persuaded that they can.

Ever ready to serve my public, I have been mending broken marriages for some time. Just to prove it, here are two letters which I have received.

* * *

"Dear Sir," begins a letter from a young wife, "I don't think my marriage is going as smoothly as it should. Last week my husband hit me, so I hit him back. He was unconscious for an hour afterwards. Two days later he hit me again, so I naturally retaliated and he was out for five hours.

"Last night he hit me, and he is now in hospital on the danger list. Do you think I should seek a divorce on the grounds of his cruelty to me?"

This is a difficult problem. I would advise you not to rush things. Just wait until your husband has recovered and perhaps he will by then have learnt to love you again. In the meantime visit him in hospital (but don't hit him). Actually, I am inclined to think that when he finally gets back home you won't have any more trouble with him.

* * *

Here is another cry from the heart. "Dear Sir, As this is Leap Year, I proposed to a man on February 29 last. He said 'No,' but I married him by special licence a few days later. The next morning he kept saying he wished he was single again. This annoyed me and I said, 'If that's how you feel, get out and stay out.' He said, 'All right, I will.' He did, too, and I haven't seen him since. What can I do? I feel that our marriage is drifting on to the rocks."

Personally I should say "drifting" is a mild way of putting it. It seems to me to be so far on the rocks that in another couple of minutes it will be sunk without trace.

My advice is to start getting a divorce now. By the time you're free it will be Leap Year again. Then have another go.

* * *

Anyone else wanting to use my service should write out his or her problem in all its gory details and send the money in cash so that I needn't say anything about it in my income tax forms.

by Ian Fox

Leading amateur, John Ryan, slams home a left in his last year's title bout. Something of a mystery shrouds his Olympic Games rôle

Our White Hopes Get Together

by SIMON TRENT

Olympic success needs solo boxing skill plus training and organization. And this time Britain will have both

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY amateur boxers have their ambitions beamed on the Olympic Games, which take place at Wembley in August. This year the Amateur Boxing Association, spurred by the desire to break records at Wembley, has inaugurated an Olympic Games Training Class.

In some countries Olympic boxing teams have been taken to special centres for nine months' solid training. Thanks to an almost officially recognized black market in several Continental countries, their boxing entrants are getting special and unlimited food.

Hampered by amateurism and our stringent food control, the A.B.A. cannot hope to give similar privileges to our boys, but something is at last being done to plan for victory as a team instead of relying haphazardly, as in the past, on one or two star performers pulling us through.

The Association has taken over a school in Walworth South, London. There, on one Saturday in each month, boxers gather. The lads come from Durham, Wales, the West Country, the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire and London itself. And after their brief two hours' training they have to return to their widely separated homes.

In the first round of instruction the men listen to a lecture on health, how to keep fit and the psychological aspects of boxing from either Professor J. Kennedy or Dr. J. C. Reidy. No dry-as-dust classroom lecture, either, but a friendly chat given by men who combine practical and impressive experience in the ring with their specialist qualifications.

Next the entrants strip, weigh in and divide into classes for practical training. Their six instructors between them have netted in the past most of amateur boxing's topline trophies. Among them is Harry Mallin, undefeated amateur middleweight champion of the world, and H. J. Mitchell, the last British holder of an Olympic title.

Our Boxers Must Fight

One reason behind the A.B.A.'s formation of this class is to teach our men not only boxing, but *fighting*.

We are no longer living in the days when the straight left was the beginning and end of a boxer's makeup. Today a good left alone will not check the tough, bustling two-handed all-action style developed to a fine art by the Americans and now being successfully copied on the Continent.

It is this style of boxing which has to be countered at Wembley. A man with an accurate piledriving straight left will always beat the mere fighter, no matter how good—provided he is willing to mix it. And, still more important, provided he is willing to take full advantage of each opening made by his left, and drive it home with hard, merciless precision.

And this is just where so many of our boxers fall down. They can—and usually do—out-box most of their foreign opponents. But, having done so, they stand back as if in admiration of the clever way they have tied up their man, and thus give him time to recover—and fight on. This is usually fatal, for no boxer of Olympic standard should ever let himself be manoeuvred twice into the same mistake.

So it is to be hoped that the A.B.A.'s new class will remedy this defect among Britain's amateurs.

Strangely enough, missing from the class is our greatest hope for a title, a twenty-nine year old Welshman, Johnny Ryan from Cardiff. My firm view is that he is the finest amateur boxer in Britain and Europe today. Given a chance in the Olympics, I think he would prove to be the world's best.

Army, Imperial Services, A.B.A. and European welterweight champion in 1947, Ryan has lost only two fights in five years. One was to Randolph Turpin, which he subsequently reversed, and the other to an American, Jack Keogh, in Chicago last summer when boxing for Europe against America.

Until last November, Ryan had boxed and won in every postwar international. Then came a bombshell—after being picked to box against Denmark by the A.B.A., he was dropped. Just like that, with no explanation—and he has not been selected since.

No Training Class for Star

An ex-instructor in the Army Physical Training Corps, Ryan has always done his own training. Therefore it was no surprise when he declined to join the Olympic Training Class.

However, Ryan has proved in the ring that he is still head and shoulders above everyone else at his weight in this country, and his selection as our Olympic welterweight representative should be automatic.

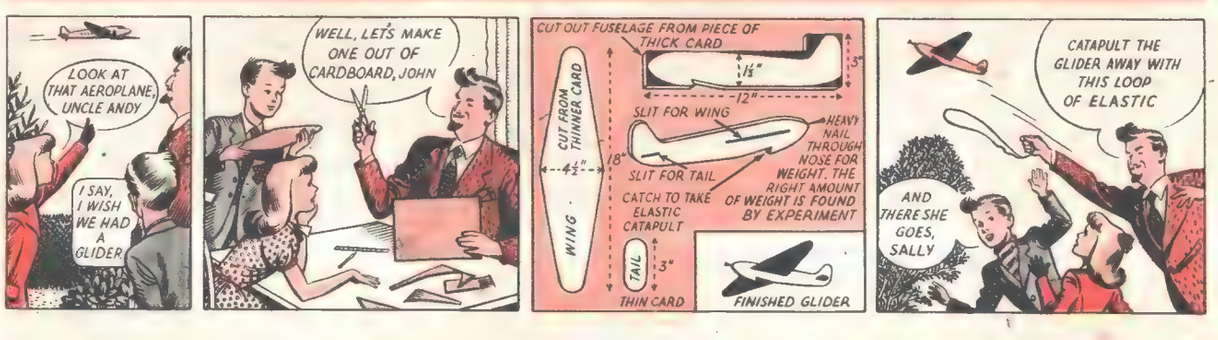
Among those attending the Olympic classes are soldiers, sailors, airmen, carpenters, miners, market porters, plumbers, factory workers, a crane driver. All are boxers, and all are striving for one of the coveted eight places in the team.

When the selected boxers climb into the ring at Wembley, they will be as fit as it is possible for anyone to be in Britain today.

I am of the opinion that they will more than justify all the hopes and enthusiasm of their mentors and supporters by sending the Union Jack up the flagpole more than any other national emblem.

Well, we promised the children something special—and here it is. Each week, Uncle Andy and the Twins will bring them a bright idea or take them places

UNCLE ANDY


LOOK AT THAT AEROPLANE, UNCLE ANDY
I SAY, I WISH WE HAD A GLIDER
WELL, LETS MAKE ONE OUT OF CARDBOARD, JOHN
CUT OUT FUSELAGE FROM PIECE OF THICK CARD
1/4"
3"
12"
SLIT FOR WING
HEAVY NAIL THROUGH NOSE FOR WEIGHT. THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF WEIGHT IS FOUND BY EXPERIMENT
CUT FROM THINNER CARD
18"
4 1/2"
SLIT FOR TAIL
CATCH TO TAKE ELASTIC CATAPULT
WING
TAIL
3"
THIN CARD
FINISHED GLIDER
CATAPULT THE GLIDER AWAY WITH THIS LOOP OF ELASTIC
AND THERE SHE GOES, SALLY

"You've made a mistake, Don!" the girl cried. Unheeding he advanced furiously on the old man

Artistic temperament

by John Marsh

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

Her motto was art for "heart's" sake—and when she hired a publicity man, the fun really began

"YOU DO PERSONAL PUBLICITY, don't you, Mr. Tempest?" she asked in a gentle, rather husky voice, which yet had a hint of steel in it.

I bowed awkwardly. Despite a parting smile of encouragement from my secretary, Miss Penny Worth, I had not yet fully recovered from the shock. It's not every day a struggling publicity agent gets a client like the only daughter of Henderson's Emporium and Bazaar.

"I—I do nothing else," I said, adding modestly: "Many people famous today have at some time used my service."

She eyed me from violet orbs set in a peaches and cream complexion. A wisp of hat hung at the back of her spun-gold hair. She was a real honey.

"Mr. Tempest," she continued. "Do you think you could make people go to see an artist's pictures?"

I looked at her in some surprise. "I didn't know you painted!"

"I don't. But—well, someone I know does. His name is Don Fairley. And he's as proud as he's clever."

"You mean he's having a show and the customers are staying in the street?"

"Yes!" She sighed and began to smooth the gloves lying in her lap. "Don's very poor. I suppose that goes without saying—most young artists are. After I'd managed to persuade him to have a one-man show—to let the world see what he could do—he wouldn't hear of me backing it. He said if he had a show he'd pay the costs himself."

Her eyes blazed.

"It's infuriating, Mr. Tempest, because I could have got the Le Fevre Galleries as easily as that!" She snapped her fingers. "Instead, Don goes and takes a horrid little room away from the fashionable streets and simply sticks his pictures around nasty damp walls and waits for a miracle to happen. Of course, the show's a flop. Don will be worse off than before.

"Not only has he spent his money, but he's lost faith in himself as well. He's very easily discouraged."

"So without breathing a word to him, you've come to find out if I've any ideas for turning it into a success?"

She leaned forward. Her red lips tightened. "Actually, I've an idea of my own. It's quite simple, really. I just want you to go along to the show pretending you're a rich art collector and buy up most of the pictures. I daren't do it with anyone but a stranger—he knows most of my friends."

I frowned. I didn't like it at all. "I'm a publicity man. This is hardly my line."

"Oh, you could get some stories in the papers afterwards, surely. Something about a mysterious collector appearing and buying several of Don's pictures. Other people might then go along and buy a few more."

I caught sight of the tax collector's signature at the bottom of a letter near my right elbow.

"Where's he holding this show?" I gulped.

"At No. 6 Burke Street. It's quite central, really, if people only knew about it. But they never will unless something out of the ordinary happens."

"It might work!" I said reluctantly. "Tell me, Miss Henderson, has Mr. Fairley advertised the show at all?"

"Not he! He doesn't believe in advertisement.

"He's always saying that if his art is

TOO MANY ROTTERS AMONG US

by SIR BERTRAND WATSON ★

Pilfering, cheating, an easy come, easy go attitude to marriage: these all reflect a decline in moral values

★ *Formerly Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, Sir Bertrand Watson wrote the article from which an extract is given here shortly before his death earlier this year. Contributions by other famous men and women also appear in the recently published book, "What Life Has Taught Me" (Odhams Press, 10s. 6d.)*

MUCH OF MY EXPERIENCE as a magistrate has led me to note a very sad decline in the moral sense, and a consequent increase of crime for which there is not the slightest excuse.

I have heard it said that poverty is the prime begetter of crime: that with the removal of poverty the incentive for much lawlessness will disappear. I can categorically assert that my legal and public experience of the past fifty years points entirely to the contrary view.

In my young days it was true to say that cases of petty larceny were often committed when the cause appeared to be poverty; but the culprits were only a very small percentage of those who could have pleaded equal justification—and it must be remembered that the poverty of fifty years ago was much more real than it is today.

Since then the standard of living of all the lower income groups has improved enormously, yet larceny and crime in general have increased substantially—and with little obvious cause.

Why Do They Do It?

Times without number I have had housewives, young girls, youths and men with long records of excellent service brought before me and charged with shoplifting or some petty fraud when no plea of shortage or hardship could possibly be substantiated.

Devoted husbands, mothers and wives break down in the witness box when confronted with the inexplicable actions of their loved ones, while the culprits stand mute or offer the feeblest of excuses.

How can one explain the position save by assuming a serious collapse in moral values—that these are cases where men and women, in all other respects normal and respectable citizens, simply see no harm in appropriating money or goods to which they feel they have some obscure right?

"Why shouldn't I travel without paying my fare. The company won't miss my twopence. . . ." "I may as well 'scrounge' some of the building materials at the corner of my road: if I don't someone else will. . . ." "Mrs. Brown next door has a pair of real silk stockings: why shouldn't I—even if I can't really afford it? The big shops make plenty of profits anyway. . . ."

And so they go down the slippery slope. What is to stop them?

In my opinion the prime cause of all this is the rapid loosening of the influence of Christianity over a large section of the community. When moral values are no longer regarded as absolute then it is not difficult for people to say to themselves, "I have as much right to that as so-and-so," or, "If I had not been unlucky at dog racing the other night I could have bought those books." And society run on those lines is heading for disaster.

Christian morality, on the other hand, puts the individual in no doubt as to the nature of his actions. He might feel that fate is dealing harshly or unreasonably with him, but he is under no illusion as to what he *ought* to do, except perhaps in dire extremity. Retribution for the failure to give him his just reward on earth must be left to more knowledgeable hands than his. For who knows what is his just reward?

To me it seems deplorable that even those last few sentences of mine will seem "old-fashioned" to many readers. Still more out of date, no doubt, will seem to them my reflections on the weakening of the marriage bond.

To those of us who have been granted an insight into innumerable domestic disasters and tangles one fact stands out quite clearly: that, whatever the original merits of the opportunity for divorce, they are fast being quite outweighed by the consequent general failure of people to attempt to master the art of living together.

I say "consequent" deliberately, for it seems obvious to me that if people marry in the knowledge that a divorce can be obtained relatively easily much of the incentive to give and take in married life will be gone, and the fragile fairy-like barque of marriage is likely to be sunk by the first and most mild breeze that it meets. Nor will one or both of the partners make much attempt to resist the temptations that probably occur to most married people at some time or other.

Gravest Decision is Lightly Made

The fact is that the choice of a wife or husband is the most grave decision in a person's life, yet circumstances today are tending to invest the occasion with no more importance than the choice of a new hat.

I can never give sufficient thanks to my wife who, since our marriage in 1909, has been my supreme help in every part of my private and public life. What happens to those who have not been so fortunate in their choice was too often seen in cases brought before me, both in adult and juvenile courts.

It may be argued that the surest method of satisfactorily dealing with a wretched married life is to allow the partners to begin again by divorce proceedings. Unfortunately, one of the surest ways of *causing* a wretched married life would seem to be to tell the husband and wife that the law allows them to make only a feeble and formal attempt to surmount what must—by the very nature of things—be inevitable difficulties and problems. This is a dilemma which our society is not dealing with very successfully; but the recent suggestion of courts of conciliation was a wise and timely move in the right direction.

Old Lag Who Reformed

The suggested courts of conciliation remind me of the system of "probation" whereby a defendant who has been "overtaken in a fault" is placed on probation and receives help and advice from an experienced probation officer. This system has met with much success, and has often been the means of altering the rest of an offender's life.

When I was at Lambeth I placed on probation a man, aged seventy-nine, who had spent the previous sixty years of his life mostly in prison—mainly for offences of stealing. Thanks to the co-operation of an exceptionally helpful and good-hearted probation officer, who met the probationer weekly, the old offender, now eighty-five, has for the last six years led an honest and happy life!

Continued from previous page

worth while people will seek it out for themselves."

My never high opinion of Don Fairley went down another notch. "Sounds a difficult sort of bloke to me!" I muttered.

"He is! But," she said, and to my amazement there was a sudden glistening in her eyes, "I love him. The snag is he won't marry me because of my money. He says until he's proved himself as an artist we must wait. If his show is a washout I'll probably lose him altogether just because of his beastly pride. Oh, why are men such fools?"

I didn't know the answer to that one, so I said: "Well, Miss Henderson, I think your idea is good—within limits. I'll see if I can embroider it a bit in the next day or so."

"The show finishes tomorrow unless someone buys a picture," she said abruptly, rising and hitching an overhang of mink over her curves. "You'll have to work fast as Don can't afford any more rent. Whatever happens, you *will* keep all this to yourself, won't you? It would ruin everything if Don ever knew of our plan.

"By the way, here's some money. Don't spend more than three hundred pounds or he'll get suspicious."

I longed to turn the job down, but the sight of so much dough made me feel temporarily ill. I made for the door.

I stood in a cloud of Chanel No. 5 until she had disappeared; then I heard my secretary's voice in the background.

"So you're going to boost an artist!" exclaimed Penny. "What next?"

I frowned. "You made me jump, girl! I suppose you've been listening at the door again."

"If I don't listen you forget half you hear. I suppose, if you're going to make yourself up like an art collector within the next hour, I'd better ring Tommy Todd and tell him to come round with his camera."

"Might be a good idea," I conceded. "Though he'd better concentrate on photographing this Don Fairley. I'm too well known to want to feature in my own stunt pictures."

JUST under an hour later Tommy Todd, complete with camera and flashlight equipment, accompanied me in a cab to Burke Street. It was a dismal little alley and I decided Don Fairley should have his head examined for thinking that any worthwhile buyer would ever visit such a dump.

As our cab drew up I saw the back of a tall young man in a dirty mackintosh disappearing into the doorway of number six. "Wonder if that's Fairley," I muttered.

We heard him going up the narrow, uncarpeted dark stairs ahead of us, and we followed cautiously. I was rather glad of the murk, for it helped to hide the make-up on my face and gloss over the fact that I was wearing a wig which didn't fit any too well at the back.

Just as we halted at a half-open door at the top of the stairs, I heard Jean Henderson's voice.

"Why, Don, wherever have you been? I've been waiting here the best part of an hour."

I peered in. With an air of uncertainty, Jean Henderson was eyeing a tall, thin-faced young man with long black hair. He, too, seemed to be in a mean humour. "I've been tramping the streets," he said bitterly, "wondering what to do."

Jean took a step closer. "But what if anyone had come—to look at your pictures, I mean?"

"Meaning — supposing Mr. Joe Tempest, publicity agent, had come, eh?" he sneered. "Oh, yes, I know

Continued on page 21

OH, JOHNNY! **by TIM**

The last word is with *baby*

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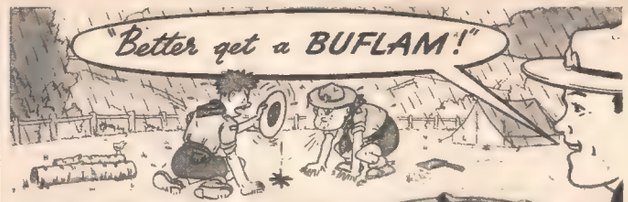

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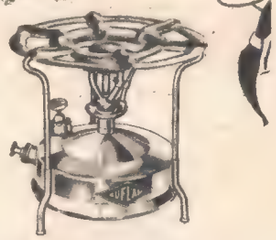

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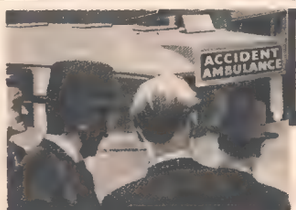

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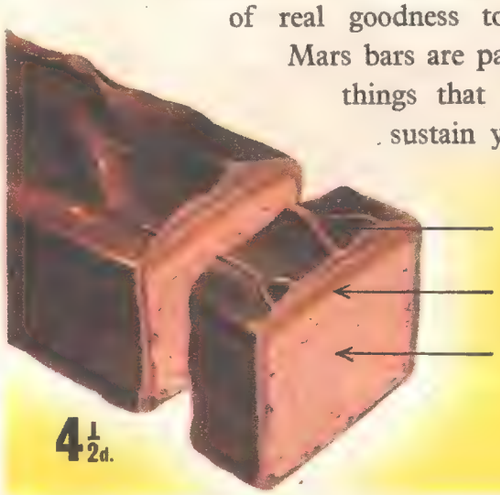
milk-enriched chocolate coating.
caramel layer of sugar, malted glucose and milk.
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4½d.

Continued from page 18

where you went this afternoon. After you'd tried and failed to get me to advertise my show I knew you were up to something. So I followed you!"

She stood there, mouth open, all the stuffing knocked right out of her.

"You've arranged for this Tempest man to come and buy my pictures, haven't you?" he demanded. "Come on, out with it. I rang his office and a girl there as good as admitted you'd engaged him."

I felt a sudden gust of anger surge through me. Penny! To do such a thing, to betray a confidence!

"I——I——" Miss Henderson floundered, and put her hand on his arm as if begging him to understand.

But he flung it off.

"Just as I thought! You can't deny it! Well, let me tell you this: if this Tempest guy shows up, I'll sling him out so fast he'll think he's on a flying wing. Gosh! Am I never to be left on my own without someone interfering?"

I saw the colour flood into her face. "So that's all the thanks I get for trying to help you!" she yelled. "Well, just to show you how little I care for you and your beastly pictures, I'm going. And you'd better keep this!"

She started to tear a ring from her finger; but he did not take it. He was looking towards the door and appeared to be listening.

"Someone's coming," he muttered, clenching his fists.

Tommy and I crouched into a small dusty alcove.

In the half-light that filtered out from the room, we presently saw a little old man arrive at the top of the stairs. After a moment's hesitation he entered.

"Mr. Fairley?" we heard him say. "I heard you were having a show and I thought I would drop in. My name is. . . ."

TOMMY and I were back at the door peering in. We saw fury in Don Fairley's eyes; dismay in Jean Henderson's, as they both stared at the little man. He was about sixty-five, I supposed, and he was wearing an old-fashioned square hard hat, a baggy pepper-and-salt suit, and a pair of thick glasses through which he peered short-sightedly at the two young people before him.

"So you thought you'd get away with it, did you?" Don Fairley roared, advancing on the little figure. "Well, Mr. Joe Tempest, this is where you go out—on your ear!"

He grabbed the little man by the shoulder and began to frogmarch him to the door. Jean rushed after him, tugging desperately at his coat.

"You've made a mistake, Don!" she cried. "This isn't Mr. Tempest. Oh, you fool, why don't you listen to me?"

He shook her off. "Oh, no, you don't get out of it that easily," he yelled back. "He's going from top to bottom of the stairs, and if he breaks his neck it's his own fault!"

"Now, Tommy!" I whispered, for suddenly something told me that here was a first-rate publicity picture.

Tommy was ready. As the struggling men approached the door, he let go his flash.

I saw Don Fairley staring at us in amazement; then we scampered for our lives down the stairs to the street.

Luckily we connected with a cruising cab.

"On your way, Big Boy!" I said to Tommy. "I want a sheaf of prints inside an hour. Can do?"

Tommy nodded. He was a man of few words.

Next morning I was delighted to see that most papers carried the picture of the assault. Captions stated that an unknown artist, Don Fairley, had

Continued on page 22

HE RANG the FIRST PRIZE BELL!

WITH the aid of a JOHN BULL book for the home handyman, thirty-four year old reader J. V. Mather fitted an electric bell to his front door at 13 Park View Road, Bolton, the other Friday. An hour later that bell was rung by a telegraph boy with a wire from JOHN BULL—congratulating Mr. Mather on winning a £300 *Bullets* First Prize!

The effort with which this ex-R.A.F. man won his cheque and Easter Celebration was, appropriately, the striking "Battle Of Britain" *Bullet*, MILLIONS—LIKE "FEW," BRITAIN'S "WEALTH."

Next week's *Bullets* great 1948 Holiday Prize campaign continues with more Swiss and Seaside Holidays to be won with a few simple words. And this week you have no fewer than 50 opportunities to win a Holiday Cheque and two new books of your choice. Start now on the *Examples*, for you *must* post your entry by Monday, April 19, if you want to ring this Contest's £300 First Prize bell!

50 Holiday Cheques

amongst "Bullets" Prizes value over

£300, £25, £20, £15, £14, £13, £12, £11, 2 of £10,

£500

20 Holiday Fares of £2,

20 Coach Trip prizes of £1 1s.

All 50 Cheques above accompanied by ANY 2 BOOKS from the shelves of winner's own local bookseller. 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes, each with £10 Prize opportunity.

DOUBLE YOUR PRIZE

Any £2 or £1 1s. prize you win will be DOUBLED by a CASH BONUS of the same amount if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated May 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

For *Bulletin & Gazette* dated May 1, enclose Label below with your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Lamp Of Liberty
To Win The Race
European Family
Nature's Magic
Common Task
Unforgettable
Everything's At Stake, So
Masters And Men
Away From It All
Soon Over
In Holiday Mood
Stolen Goods
Poor Mr. Bookmaker
Heart Of Stone
She'd Be Happy If
Well Cared For
Sonny's Moneybox
Won't Talk
Toothache
Man In The Moon

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

Time We.....
Almost A.....
More And More.....
.....Person
Caught.....
Look At.....And

POST ENTRY, ADDRESSED

"BULLETS" 1,625 (or XWORD 577)
"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

Seaside Weeks

amongst Xword Prizes value up to

£100 First Prize
Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up

£225

★ SEASIDE HOLIDAY for TWO with each cheque for £25 or over

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues — **XWORD 577**

1. There's a risk if you buy one knowing the keys are missing
2. There are ceremonies which demand that persons should be
7. Must be used with certain amount of discretion
9. May be found at sea or on rocks
13. You can generally take it that really brilliant player is following this
14. Is often pretty rough on the face of it

Down Clues

1. Hope revives at sight of the earliest spring flowers in this
3. It's quite possible for one to have a tile loose
4. Mercantile captains should study
5. A surface like this is sometimes seen on furniture
6. Disagreement can act as one
8. These and similar worries can sadly interfere with student's work
10. To many Britishers, Brussels was known for its
11. Audience can be put off by politicians who do this too much
12. One can't reasonably expect a great deal from

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,621

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 and THREE WISHES: A. Poole, 43 Rugeley Road, Chase Terrace, Walsall: IN BRITAIN'S GARDEN "*Beans*" GETTING AT "*Blight*."

SECOND PRIZE, £100: W/O C. W. J. Hysted, Sergeants' Mess, R.A.F., High Wycombe: MEANS MORE—"SUNLIGHT," *Your* "EXTRA HOUR."

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Miss L. Grundy, Flat B, Ingleby Cottage, 6 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth: IN BRITAIN'S GARDEN—HIDDEN *Crop* OF GOLD.

OTHER AWARDS: £20: W. L. Hoole, 24 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham: OUT OF THE BALLOT-BOX—DON'T FASHION COFFIN, ANTONIO! £15: E. Hannath, 1 Ford Street, St. Mary, Nottingham: ALL WE ASK—ROOF OVER OUR *Headaches*! £10: G. Goff, Betchetts Green Farm, South Holmwood, Dorking: NOBODY'S SWEETHEART — OBLIGED — BOOKIE HUGGED HIMSELF!

SIX OF £5: R. C. Cory, 50 Attimore Road, Welwyn Garden City: SHORT OF FORMS—MINISTRY—SENT THREE *Officials*! J. N. Smith, 65 Grasville Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead: OUT OF THE WORDS—LOVERS WHISPERED, "POEM" GREW. Miss L. Titmus, 1 Harvey Road, Leytonstone: BACK TO PROSPERITY—BY LOAN ALONE? BALONY! Mrs. N. L. Burdon, 13 Blantyre Street, Chelsea, S.W.10: ALL WE ASK—PROVIDENCE DOESN'T GRANT, PROVIDENTIALLY! G. W. Farmer, 123 Derby Road, East Kirkby, Notts: WAY RUSSIA'S GOING—HALT—*freedom* "GOES THERE"! C. Jones, 42 Gleton Avenue, West Hove: IF I WERE DAD—I'D HAVE MAGNIFYING *Glass-house*!

Ten Prizes of £2, 20 of £1, 30 of 10s., 100 of 5s., and 1,948 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 573

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Farce. 3, Par. 4, Growers. 8, Bars. 12, Bare. 13, Dam. DOWN: 1, Firm. 2, Cracks. 3, Pride. 5, Act. 6, Mean. 7, Fires. 9, Drum. 10, Job. Owing to misprint, Clue 11 Across cancelled and totally disregarded in adjudication.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Miss M. Jones, 66 Frogmore Road, Market Drayton, Salop; E. Stabler, 27 Prince of Wales Terrace, Scarborough, Yorks.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 17 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Surprise Parcels in addition.

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■	7D	R	U	■	S	■	■	A	S
8D	S	■	M	■	9S	■	A	G	■
■	■	10	■	11	■	■	S	■	12
N	R	A	■	A	M	■	P	E	A
S	I	C	■	N	A	N	■	L	I
577	13B	E	■	T	■	14W	■	L	L

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

577 Closing Postmark, MON., APRIL 19

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 1.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

Making love to a beautiful woman is a very satisfying occupation. But so is building a beautiful engine

A MAN CAN HAVE TWO LOVES

THE OTHER WEEK I rashly offered to describe the good life down to the last detail—my point being that I found it easier to preach goodness than to practise it.

And now an aircraft apprentice has taken me up. "I shall be very grateful if you will describe the good life," he says. "I am eighteen years old, and want to own a strong character based on a sound philosophy. I want to start forming it now, while I'm still young enough to change my habits and ideas. Will you describe to me a character on which I can model my own?"

I feel I owe him an apology. I ought not to have been so glib about my knowledge of the good life. All the same, I can't resist trying to describe it—strictly on the understanding that what I say is only one man's opinion.

Strong, Silent Types

I don't think it's much use setting up an ideal character for anyone to model himself upon. I believe each one of us is born with an individual character or temperament, just as we're born with an individual face; and there's very little we can do to change it.

As far back as I can remember, I've admired the strong and silent type of character. But I was born with a rather weak and talkative one. And however hard I've tried to imitate the strong and silent type, my own character has always come out on top. It's the old story of the leopard and his spots.

I can't say I've learned to like my character yet, any more than I've learned to like my face. But there it is. It's the one I was born with. And since I can't be what I'm not, I can only try to make the best of what I am.

The trouble is, it's taken me such a long time to find that out. If I could have accepted myself in my teens, instead of trying to be something different, I might have accomplished a lot more. I should certainly have saved myself some embarrassing moments.

So I would suggest to my correspondent that instead of trying to model himself on the kind of character he'd like to be, he might do better to find out the kind of character he is—and then turn his thoughts to the problem of how to get the best out of that particular character.

It's All Women and Work

One thing's fairly certain. Most men's lives consist mainly of women and work. So whatever kind of character a man's got, his chance of living a satisfactory life will depend a great deal on his finding the right woman and the right work—or the right work and the right woman, if you prefer it that way. Personally, I've never been able to decide which comes first.

When I was a young man, working in a garage, I fell in love with various beautiful girls. But if a fairy godmother had offered me the choice between one of those girls and a well-equipped workshop with enough spare parts to build a Rolls-Royce engine, I think I should have had a hard struggle to make up my mind between the engine and the girl.

Making love to a beautiful woman is a very satisfying occupation. But then so is building a beautiful engine. Fortunately, most women learn to understand a man's difficulties in this respect, and to make allowances for his engines and such like. If they don't, so much the worse for them. Forced into making a choice, I think most men will hanker for the engine.

But I think making love and building engines (or whatever it is you want to build) have one important thing in common. Both give their greatest satisfaction to the man who tries to put all he's got into them, rather than the man who tries to get all he can out of them.

In other words, life offers more satisfaction to the born workman than to the born business man.

The most miserable chaps I know are those who try to run their lives on a profit and loss account—always worrying about what they'll lose by doing this or gain by doing that.

A Job Well Done

And when it comes to finding a sound philosophy on which to base one's life, I don't think a man can go far wrong if he looks on his life as a job of work. That may sound unromantic but, in my experience, it's the only philosophy that never let's you down.

You don't know where you came from; you can't be sure where you're going to; but if you know that, while you're here, you've put your best into everything you've attempted, then, no matter what your disappointments, frustrations and sufferings, nothing can ever take that satisfaction away from you.

Of course, if you adopt that philosophy, you can't expect to have fame and fortune, leisure, pleasure and security as well. You may get those things if you're lucky, but there's no guarantee. The only thing guaranteed is the private satisfaction you'll get out of knowing you've done your best.

You won't even get praised for it, as a rule. On the average commercial job, you're more likely to get choked off for being too particular and wasting valuable time. But whether you're praised or cursed for it, whether you win or lose by it, *you* will always know the good work you've put into it.

It's difficult to talk like this without seeming to preach. I've no intention of preaching. I'm talking simply about personal satisfactions—and I know of no greater satisfaction in life than the satisfaction of having done good work.

Leave the Dishes, Sultan

As I see it, it applies to every aspect of life—everything you touch. If you're always trying to make a better job of it than anyone has ever made before, you've always got a job in hand that makes your life worth living.

It applies especially in that all-important relation with woman—the one part of life in which a man can be sure of an immediate reward. If you can make love to a woman better than any man's ever made love to her before, she'll treat you like a sultan, and you'll never have to worry about trifles like washing the dishes or wiping your feet on the mat.

A woman may not always appreciate a man's good workmanship in engines; but she always appreciates and responds a hundredfold to a man's good workmanship in love.

Continued from page 21

attacked Julian Worth, one of London's best-known art collectors.

I saw that the collector himself had written a piece in one of the papers. He said he understood all about artistic temperament, and that, while he believed the unknown artist had too big a slice of it, he still wanted first choice of his work, which was good.

I sneaked round to Burke Street and saw a queue waiting patiently to go up those stairs where Tommy and I had crouched only a few hours before.

Back in the office Penny was curiously quiet. After what had happened, I felt I'd never again be able to trust her.

Just then the phone rang. It was Jean Henderson. "You did a grand job, Mr. Tempest," she gushed, brimming over with the joy of life. "Don and I are getting married at once. . . . He just can't deny he's famous any longer. He's sold every picture and had lots more commissioned. Oh, please keep the money I left with you—look on it as your fee." Her excited voice paused a moment; then she added: "I say, wasn't it an amazing coincidence about Julian Worth. . . ."

From the corner of my eye I saw Penny in the doorway. "Miss Henderson has just asked me if Julian Worth is any relation of yours," I said coldly. "Someone's told her your name is Worth—but I said it's impossible."

"Why should it be impossible?" she snapped.

Without waiting for a reply, she properly took the wind out of my sails by saying: "When Don Fairley rang yesterday afternoon I knew he'd rumbled our scheme. Now I happen to know that, famous though my Uncle Julian is as an art collector, he's no good at writing. He'd do anything for a chance to get into print. So when I sent him a phoney commission to do an article on Fairley for *Art Illustrated* I was quite sure he'd make for Burke Street at the double."

She glanced down at the papers on my desk, and smilingly added: "He managed it! Now everybody should be happy."

I grinned back to show her I knew just what she meant.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Travel Allowance

HERE IS A QUERY from a woman reader about income tax relief. She writes:

"In 1941 I left work near my home and took a war job which involved a daily train journey. For this I was granted the £10 travelling allowance.

"Recently, when that job came to an end, I obtained other employment which also involved daily travelling. I gave full details of these additional expenses on my income tax form, but the Inspector of Taxes tells me that I am no longer eligible for this allowance. Is this correct?"

Quite correct. The special allowance that was granted during the war was restricted to additional expenses incurred because either the taxpayer's place of work or his residence was changed for reasons due to war conditions.

The Inland Revenue presumably take the view that your recent change of employment is not due to the war, and that you could, if you had so wished, have resumed employment nearer your home.

If you do not agree with the Inspector's ruling, you are entitled to appeal to the Commissioners.

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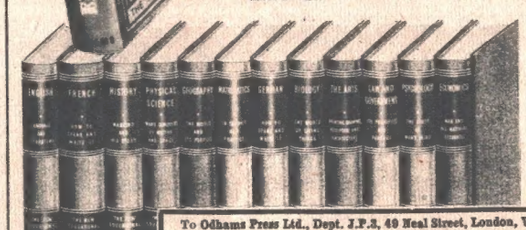

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It's Guinness, with its healthful cheer,

That best Restores a Cavalier

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